

The Legend of Waricock Disciples of the Cock

by Arctic's Booze Bus

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This is not to be taken too seriously.

My dick groans at the sight of blood.

You may refer to our wiki at

wiki.arcticsboozebus.com

for any explanations on foreign words and concepts. You can also find a map of Groina on the last page of this story.

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My name is Blisterdick.

That is the precious name given to
me by my Master, my saviour.

Who I was before is irrelevant. The day I met him, my life
changed, and through our actions, so would the world.

This is our story.

Chapter 1

Blisterdick

Year of the Gods 1455, Fourth Moon of the Drinker. All of Northern Linden felt it. Something dark moving in Syphilia. While I couldn't personally witness it, I've been told this is what took place. They said that while everything appeared normal, there was an ominous breeze in the air. Just in case, a messenger was sent from the city closest to the border, Crowscock, to verify. It takes just under five days to travel to Syphilia City by horse from there, so we would have heard back in a week's time at the earliest.

Four days later, refugees arrived at our home town of Dicksreach, a village outside of Crowscock. Maybe fifty or so terrified Syphilian families, visibly inbred, running across the border with nothing on them. They had clearly left in a hurry. The villagers let them sleep in barns and warehouses, hoping to hear from them just what had frightened them so. All of them, however, were either too scared to converse or simply went on about the 'end of the world'. If the messenger from Crowscock turned back with them, he did not come here.

Fifth Moon of the Drinker, two days after the first refugees had arrived, my uncle, Skeleton, who was in the border watch at the time, had hurried home to grab his wives, daughter and other skeleton, and ran to our house to get my family too. He told my Father about a wall of black smoke on the border of Syphilia. Father doubted his words, but after everything that had happened lately, he went along. I probably would have liked to go too, but that was never an option for me.

Ah, I should probably tell you why. Knowing of my dark past will only deepen your love for our Master. I was twenty years old when all of this took place; when he came for me. Old enough to have moved out and started seeking my own path in life. Of course, as a carpenter, my Father wished for me to follow in his tracks and keep the family business running, so it wouldn't have been strange for someone my age to still live at home, learning the craft. Myself, I had once wished to be a soldier. However, both of our dreams had been shattered when the shits began. Seemingly out of nowhere, chronic, violent, endless diarrhoea. Everything I ate came right back out from whichever orifice it pleased, and I grew weaker by the day. Back then, I was only fourteen, and my life was practically already over. My parents obviously took me to Crowscock to see a doctor, but to no avail. It seemed to be magical in nature, maybe even a curse. Doctors and alchemists in Crowscock said to seek help in the capital, Schewerflow, but that was not an option for us. Father could not leave his work, nor could we even afford the travel or the treatment. Thus, I was abandoned. Thrown outside in the corner of the pigsty. Father deemed feeding me a waste, so all I was given were leftovers from the animals. Vegetable peels, fat trimmings, twice steeped tea leaves... It didn't matter, everything came out the other end in a bloody mess anyway. For six years I laid there. Days turned into a blur as all life left my body. But I was alive. Just laying there. Birds pecked my flesh full of holes and insects feasted on my excrement, inside and out, but I was alive. As months passed, I forgot the meaning of pain. Too weak to open my eyes, I forgot the meaning of time. Maybe my life itself was another curse, I thought.

It was after those six long years that I finally felt something pull me back to reality. In my enfeebled delirium, I dreamt of a man. A dark figure in a silent, lifeless world. He seemed to be coming towards me, slowly wading through a dark fog. His face was as black as the nights that no longer concerned me, his eyes bright like the sun I hadn't seen in so long.

'I can help you,' I heard him say, but his lips did not move.

'I can save you.'

His voice was tender, calming, unlike anything I had ever heard.

'Call out to me... Call out... to Wartcock...'

For the first time in ages, I managed to open my eyes. It must've been early morning, a cold mist still permeating the air. My body was a mere rotting husk, clinging on to a life not worth living, but I forced myself awake. With the last speck of strength I had left, presumably from the

animal droppings the local kids had fed me, I parted my bone dry lips and whispered in a dying voice.

“H... help... Wart... cock...”

The moment I spoke my first words in years, I felt a hand on my cheek. Warm, slender, ribbed with warts for my pleasure. My vision still hazy, I thought I saw a hooded figure kneeling beside me.

“What is your name, boy?” he spoke, in the same soothing tone I had heard in my dream. My name... I had honestly forgotten. I was unable to strain myself any further and couldn’t reply.

“It matters not. From now on, you will be known as Blisterdick.”

Did the man read my thoughts? Somehow, I felt very relieved, as he answered his question for me. He looked up and into the distance.

“Come with me,” he said, grabbing my decaying hand. I thought it impossible as there was barely anything left of me, but the moment our hands were clasped together, I felt life return to my body. His love and warmth filled every inch of me, undoing the six years of torment I had withstood. I could feel again, I could see clearly, I could remember and process all I had been through. Tears in my eyes and revitalised, I grabbed onto his arm and slowly, carefully, stood up. I couldn’t believe it. I never thought I would walk again. I had given up all hope years ago. This man had saved me, pulled me up from despair. If there was anything I could do to repay him, that was to be my new reason to live. I pulled myself closer to him as we left my wretched resting place.

“A-are you...”

“Wartcock,” the man said without turning to face me. I was overjoyed. Something about hearing that name brought me such solace. I hurriedly replied as politely as I could.

“I... still can’t recall my name. I apologise.”

“It matters not. Why cling on to a name given to you by ones who forsake you?”

He finally turned towards me and I could see my saviour’s face. His skin was completely black. Not dark like the people of Arsend, rather, devoid of all light, like a shadow. His eyes, upon the blackened void of his face, were nothing but glowing white rings. He looked just like in my dream.

“You are now Blisterdick,” he said, turning his gaze to my crotch, “It has already begun to take effect.”

I too followed his eyes down to my privates and saw the array of blisters and sores growing on my thick, veiny, flaccid penis, that hung halfway down my thigh. For some reason, it didn’t seem strange to me in the

slightest. All of my new body felt so natural. Also realising I was completely naked, I tried to cover myself. My clothes must have had long since withered away.

“Ah! I’m sorry!”

“Do not be. There is no one else here anyway. More importantly, how do you feel?”

Trying to answer his question, I took another look down. My penis was now red and bruised, bejewelled in countless bubbling blisters. What most would definitely consider alarming, only brought me bliss, like a long lost part of me had finally returned. Holding my meat, I looked up to Wartcock with grateful eyes.

“It’s beautiful.”

“I know. This is just the first of many gifts I can grant you. All I ask in return is for you to trust me.”

I had no reason to refuse. I couldn’t, not after what he had done for me.

“Yes! Of course! Anything you want!” I exclaimed, grabbing his arm once more. Wartcock raised his other arm, and laid a hand on my shoulder.

“You are special. Born with a great power. Much like me, you are immune to all disease.”

I listened to his words as we left my homestead. Just like he said, there was no one else there, the whole area had grown eerily quiet. He continued.

“Having recently acquired the memories, will and life experience of four million people, I came to see the world in a new light. There is still hope. I have seen through time itself, and know there will be a need for me, my powers, again. That is why I need you.”

He stopped and turned to face me again, caressing my face. I could feel the various life forms wriggling under his skin.

“Your immunity to disease stems from something far greater. This beautiful body of yours is sustained by magic power, mana, alone. Six years ago, when this power first fully manifested, you could not control it, causing your body to reject conventional nourishment. I should have come to you then, but I only learned of your existence some days ago. I am truly sorry.”

He wrapped his arms around me and embraced me with all his wartness. Never in my life had I felt such love.

“You have suffered so much,” he said, still holding me, “But you, Blisterdick, have the power to ensure no one else has to suffer like you have. You can help others, like I have helped you.”

He pulled away from me.

“Let me ask you again. How do you feel?”

“I... I’ve never felt better, why?”

“I gave you the knowledge to control your inert magical powers. If you wish to eat, you can, but you will never have to. The world’s ambient magic is enough for you.”

I didn’t know how to respond. He simply tapped my other shoulder.

“There are three others like you,” he said as he turned to walk away,

“Will you help me, help them?”

No words were needed. I ran after him and my new life had begun.



Wartcock took me North to the border of Linden Republic and the Kingdom of Syphilia. Said border was an open one, not marked in any real way, apart from the six checkpoints along it. Since the countries were both on good terms with each other, and depended on trade, movement was free, and the watchmen posted on the checkpoints were mainly there to greet travelling merchants. Now, however, the two lands were clearly divided by a giant wall of black smoke. It had stopped exactly where the border should lie, rising up into the skies. I couldn’t really see through it, but it seemed to stretch out forever. Wartcock stuck his hand over the border and into the smoke.

“This is the mist of Wartworld,” he said, admiring it, “You may touch it too, your body can take it.”

Upon his suggestion, I carefully reached out to touch the smoke. For a moment, what seemed like cries of help, echoed deep within me, as the smoke wrapped around my fingers.

“Wh... Where did it come from?” was the only one of my many questions I could put into words. Wartcock paused to think, then replied with a tinge of pride in his voice.

“Me. With some help.”

He was swirling the mist around his fingertip.

“This is my creation, but even I could not have imagined its true power. It had a slight... unintended side-effect.”

Wartcock turned to me.

“What do you know about magic?”

I could only give him a troubled look back.

“I know it exists?” I said, to which he responded by pressing a finger to my forehead.

“Close your eyes.”

I did as told, and in a flash, my mind was taken over by a strange sensation. Words, sounds... a memory.

Excerpt from *The Fundamentals of Syphilian Magic*, by Sugoma Clamidea:

It is by virtue of the scholarly efforts of our kin that the ever coveted art of magic has been greatly demystified. We've come to know that the elemental power of mana, raw magic, flows throughout the land, and in all living things, and it is indeed mastering the ability to sense and control this unseen flow, that is the initial step in learning magic. While seemingly powerless on its own, mana has been found to be most malleable, and we have devised a standard way of shaping it, to create near limitless effects, through what we have termed Filters. As an abstract, subconscious concept, these Filters often proved difficult to grasp for new learners, and we have found both verbal chants and visual magic formations to notably help in both envisioning and remembering them. Although for many, their favourite spells soon become muscle memory, requiring no such aid.

How these Filters shape mana is generally divided into three categories: Control, Transformation, and Dispersion. These are merely outlines — broad classifications of near endless possible forms, and a Filter's exact effect is purely imaginary; a mental visualisation turned into a manifestation of one's will. In all of Syphilian's study, have we found chains of any more than four Filters to cause the manipulated mana to dissipate early, with no means of remedy. Research into the matter is evidently ongoing, but so far any breakthroughs have not occurred.

On Filters

Control Filters allow the moving and manipulating of mana, and are often the first step in performing any spell, regardless of its complexity. Simple, general-use mana manipulation, such as collecting raw mana, is relatively easy, but for anything more

intricate, great concentration is required, making it a rather tedious task. As everything in existence, living or inanimate, contains magical power, manipulation over the latent mana within them can allow for movement of objects as well.

Transformation Filters, as the name might suggest, change mana into matter. While elemental transformations of fire, water, earth and air are the simplest, knowledge of the chemical composition of various materia gives rise to the creation of almost anything. The limits of Transformation Filters are but the extent of your knowledge, talent and creativity.

Dispersion Filters will force particles of mana to rapidly expel each other. On its own, it may have little impact, however, it may be employed as an effective countermeasure to other magic. Its true significance is in transforming mana into something tangible initially, as dispersion of that allows one to produce highly destructive results. The extent of mana scattering and the amount of particles moved is directly relative to the amount of mental stress exerted, hence, one must be highly proficient to cause significant explosions, or to disperse large-scale spells.

Healing magic is a specialised application of Control magic, whereby mana is channelled into the injured area to quicken the body's intrinsic rate of recovery. However, it is one of the most exhausting forms of mana control, and is not sustainable for long durations. Furthermore, its capacity is limited to merely accelerating the natural healing process, it cannot elicit miracles.

All in all, effective magic does not need to be complicated, and the common spell of Fireball is a prime illustration of this. To cast this staple of offensive magic, one might first collect mana, either from the surroundings, or within one's self, using a Control Filter. A subsequent Transformation Filter would then convert it into flames, after which another Control Filter may send it hurtling towards the target.

Now, we should take a moment to talk about the effects of nitric acid upon the outermost layer of skin on my scrotum—

“W-what was that?!” I had to ask, as I returned to my senses, my mind filled with a startling amount of newfound knowledge.

“A magic lesson. Wartworld is a four-layer incantation chain, where every layer is completed with a two-way gate.”

Highly surprised by my sudden understanding of these foreign words, which I could now parse like they were my own, it took me a second to voice my thoughts.

“Shouldn’t that be impossible?”

“It was impossible. With the gate system, I was able to make each layer loop back into the previous incantations, refilling the magic formation.” With what I now knew of magic, I was simply in awe of Wartcock’s abilities.

“That’s incredible!” I exclaimed and clung onto his arm. Blushing as I realised what I’d done, I turned my head away, but he leaned in closer to me and gently patted my head.

“Is it not? One day you too might be capable of such feats.” With me still being completely naked, we could both see my diseased member twitch.

Chapter 2

Rotcunt

After that magical exchange, we began our lengthy journey West to the industrious country of Gonorgia. Well, it would have been lengthy, if not for Wartcock's magic. After stopping by Crowscock for a quick haircut, and to purchase me a somewhat matching set of clothes with him, he flew us right over all of Linden on, to the horror of anyone down below, a raft of excrement. Holding on to his waist with one arm while trying to keep down the hood of my new robes with the other, I took in all the beautiful scenery. I had never gone beyond Crowscock, and now, I could see all of my homeland from an incredible bird's eye view. It was probably back then that I began calling him Master. He never objected, so I stuck to it.

As we flew past the capital city of Schewerflow, I was truly taken aback. I had seen paintings of it, but even from afar, the real thing was so much more beautiful. Endless sprawling roads, plains and valleys decorated with fields and houses, all surrounding the massive city of stone, its countless white spires reaching up to the sky, shining brilliantly in the early morning sunlight. Green vines climbing up like veins upon the pale shafts. The city, like most others, was designed so that the ruler's establishment stood on the highest point, surrounded by the nobles' district. The parliamentary palace of Schewerflow was a huge, towering structure of ornate white stone, decorated with beautiful stained glass windows. Below these highest districts, lay the merchants' one, finally followed by the markets and the commoners quarters, lining the lower walls of the city. This tiered layout was designed not only to protect the nobility, but so that fresh water could first be brought up to those of the highest standing, who deserved the best. Their sewage and excess water would flow down to be

used by the merchants, relegating in turn the commoners to drink their waste. Prisoners in the cells along the outer walls were to make do with whatever was left, combined with the bathwater of the guards. It's a basic hierarchy to keep people in their place, and to remind them who is in charge. Brimming with excitement, I tried to lean over and take a look at Master's face. He was deep in thought, gazing expressionless into the horizon. I retreated back behind him to adore the sights down below.

Cities and towns turned to forests and fields once more, until finally clearing up, as we approached the city of Cockcreek on the Western end of Linden. Past this city full of inns and trading halls lay a wide river, with a massive guarded bridge reaching across into Gonorgia. Normally travellers would have their belongings checked before crossing either way, but we could just fly over. Not that we had anything on us, anyway.

The change of scenery between the two countries was dramatic. From the white stone of Linden, into the red bricks and wrought iron clad decor of Gonorgia. Indeed, this country prided itself on brick- and ironwork. Their exports were sold and used throughout Groina, and even our little house probably had a candle tree or pan made here. Flying over more and more unknown land, Master finally spoke.

"We are heading for the capital city, Erburgham. That is where your sister is going to school."

"My sister?" I asked, confused. I remembered having an older brother, but had never heard of a sister.

"I will explain once we are all together."

Hearing about my family made me think of them again. What happened to them? When I woke up from my years of slumber, my homestead was vacant. Thus, I asked.

"Master, what happened to my family back in Dicksreach?"

"All of Northern Linden was evacuated as Wartworld reached the border. Your family left with your Uncle's to Crowscock."

"I wonder how they're doing..."

"They left you behind."

Master turned to face me, his glowing white eyes staring directly into mine.

"They didn't need you anymore."

Lowering my gaze, I nodded softly. I hadn't talked to or really even seen my family for most of the six years I laid dying outside. I could barely

remember their faces, their voices, who they were... except for Uncle Skeleton. Master turned back around.

“You are with me now. You are safe.”

“Y-yes.”

“And we are here.”

Below us was a bustling city of red brick. Fancy horse drawn carriages full of bricks of all shapes and sizes along every road, accompanied by overflowing sacks of dead bats. We descended into an alleyway next to some bat collection bins, of which there seemed to be one in the corner of every building. I had heard about the bats, and Master later elaborated on it. Apparently, Gonorgia has the highest bat population in all of the known world. ‘Bat country’, it’s even been called, as its bat population is seven times greater than in the rest of Groina. I heard that seven bats are born every seven seconds. That sure is a lot of bats!

Led by Master, we made our way down the busy main street. Workers hauling this and that, couriers running around, bats flying into lamp posts and falling dead to the pavement... This must be life in a big city, I thought. Beyond all that, I noticed multiple people stopping and staring at us. Sure, I’ll admit Master’s appearance, in the very least, is most unique, but did we really look that out of place? People’s attires here definitely seemed more functional and stylish than the commoners’ clothes back home. Many women wore trousers, which you’d hardly see in the Linden countryside. It could’ve been that our sorcerous robes, too, weren’t something you’d find here. I decided to pay it no mind, as Master didn’t seem bothered.

At the end of the road stood a massive brick mansion with a lush hedge fence around it. I assumed that it must’ve been the school, and I was correct. Entry beyond this verdant barrier was guarded by a beautiful, ornate iron gate. Above it, in intricate lettering, read 性奴隷学園, meaning Beautiful Moonlight Academy, or at least that’s what Master told me. It was written in the ancient language of the Gods, according to him. I had never seen anything like it. We pushed open the gates, and stepped into the beautiful green garden. Judging by the building’s elaborate brickwork, this had to be a prestigious school. As we neared the front door, an older woman, a gardener or groundskeeper perhaps, came over to open the door for us, though freezing upon seeing Master’s face. Is it really that strange? I ended up opening the door for us myself.

The interior was just as fancy as the exterior. My hometown, Dicksreach, had no school, we were taught to read and write by a teacher from Crowscock visiting us twice a week. This was my first time inside one. The high walls were painted a deep red, decorated with a dark wood panelling. Candles in exquisite chandeliers lit the corridors with a warm glow, and red carpets were laid along the wooden floors. A bat flew across the hall. Master, without hesitation, walked up the huge staircase to the second floor, with me following suit.

“Have you been here before?” I asked, but received no reply. He opened a door into a classroom, expressionless as ever. I stood in the doorway as he stepped in. The lecturer, a short man with greying hair, was unsurprisingly befuddled by our sudden appearance. After staring at Master for a while, he spoke up.

“And who might you be?”

Sparing him the introduction, Master replied in a cold tone.

“I would like to borrow Miss Maryann Rashore for a moment.”

Whispering took over the classroom, and all eyes turned towards one student. A bat flew into the blackboard and died.

“Huh? Me?”

A blonde-haired girl rose up from her seat half-way and inquired nervously. A bat fell out of her pocket. The teacher motioned with his hand for her to sit down and turned back to us.

“Sir, my class is in session, could y—”

Before he could say any more, his face was planted firmly on his desk, with his now shit-spewing ass up in the air, spraying the blackboard with yesterday’s dinner. A bat shot out of him and exploded into red mist on the board. The faecal impact must’ve rattled the foundations of the school building, as the ceiling promptly collapsed in the back of the classroom, causing hundreds of dead bats to fall down with it.

“Not again!” cried someone from the back row. Master spoke like nothing had happened.

“We are in a hurry.”

The girl, Miss Rashore, stood up. A squished bat was left on her seat.

“I’m Maryann. What do you need?”

“You may come with us,” said Master, extending his hand towards her. The entire classroom turned their gaze to her once more, causing her to blush and panic slightly.

“Eh? I...”

With no idea what to say or do, and wanting to get out of the spotlight, she started to slowly make her way to us. I stepped out as Master stayed in the door, pointing her the way out. Another girl rose up and asked us,

“E-excuse me, mister, where are you taking her?”

Maryann replied to her in a soft tone.

“Don’t worry, Germina. I’m sure it’s to do with my father. I’ll be back soon.”

Her friend looked dejected, but acquiesced.

“Alright...”

Master waited in the doorway for Maryann to walk out. Just before pulling the door shut, he leaned back in to reassure the students.

“She won’t be back.”

In the hallway, I could see her more clearly. There really were quite a few similarities between us. I supposed she was...

“Blisterdick, this is your sister,” said Master after closing the classroom door. That’s right, sister. She turned red.

“B-b-bli—!”

Ignoring her flushed complexion, I asked Master.

“You called her Rashore earlier. I still don’t remember my name, but I know us commoners don’t have family names.”

“She was adopted by an aristocratic family here after your mother’s passing.”

The confused Maryann’s eyes were bouncing between us.

“Wait, who are you two?” she asked, “Are you not working with my father?”

“No. I am Wartcock.”

Her face turned red once more.

“This is my apprentice, Blisterdick.”

“W-w-wa...” she muttered before burying her burning face in her trembling hands. Master continued.

“Your father, Lord Bollzor Rashore. He has fallen in, correct?”

Maryann lifted her head slightly to look at him, her green eyes glistening in the candlelight.

“Uh, yes. Well, I suppose the whole city knows by now. He has—”

“Groinrot.”

“That’s right...”

“Do not worry, it is not hereditary or easily contagious. What ails you, is of magical origin.”

“Wh— How did— Ahh!”

She hid her face once again. I didn’t know what Master meant by that. He turned away from us, catching a bat from the air. It crumbled to dust in his hand.

“There is no cure for groinrot,” he said, turning back to Maryann.

“Your father will die in two Moons.”

Having raised her head, she nodded slowly while looking away, as if she had already accepted this. Master kept speaking.

“And there is no cure for your r—”, only to be interrupted by Maryann frantically waving her hands and hushing him.

“P-please. Don’t say it. I’ve managed to hide it for now.”

“How? You smell like a corpse.”

Unsurprisingly, she covered her flushed face with a squeal. Master laid a hand on her shoulder.

“Ah, illusory magic. You should not shy away from something so beautiful,” he said, turning to me, “Blisterdick. Smell this.”

Rotcunt gasped as Master undid her illusion. A rotten stench of death filled our surroundings. A smell I found quite calming. A few bats dropped dead from the ceiling. Rotcunt, who had just lifted her head in surprise, hid away again, as Master pulled his arms back under his robes.

“As I said earlier, I am Wartcock. This is Blisterdick. He is your brother.”

This time Maryann did not turn red, nor did she get flustered. She simply stared at me blankly. I decided to wave back.

“I was wondering about that... I get a strange sense of familiarity from you.”

“Really?” I asked.

“No. It’s the ears.”

I touched my pointy ears. I suppose they are somewhat unique. She was the only other person I had seen with ears like mine.

“My parents have already told me I was adopted. Again, the ears kinda gave it away.”

Maryann turned to Master. She appeared to see him like I did. Where others were frightened, his glowing eyes and shadowy appearance brought us solace.

“What’s with them anyway? I somehow get the feeling you know something,” she asked, pointing at her left ear, met with a stoic remark.

“I know everything.”

We left the halls of the school to sit in its beautiful garden. Under the lovely Gonorgian sun, Master explained the purpose of our visit.

"I sought you out, as I did your brother, to help me save this world." Maryann didn't seem particularly surprised by his bold statement, and I had already seen what he was capable of.

"My earlier statement of there being no cure for groinrot is only partially true. Indeed, there is no cure..."

His eyes narrowed and their glow seemed to grow stronger.

"...No cure a human could provide."

Maryann instinctively touched her ears, as I did my blistering meat sabre. Master grabbed a bat from the air. He held it up by its wings, firmly enough that its wriggling was in vain, and, with a sound most horrific, ripped them both off. The bat fell, squeaking and threshing in pain, onto his lap. I watched calmly, trusting Master's wisdom, while Maryann turned away with a yelp, covering her eyes. Blood sprayed out of the creature's torn batdomen, but the streams froze in mid-air, shattering and snowing down in tiny red crystals. Apparently, Maryann had reflexively used magic to avoid staining our clothes. Master spoke.

"Mortal flesh will wither and die, and the depths of Stroem will claim its soul."

The bat was writhing in agony on his lap.

"No living being will escape this fate. But I have become something more. With these eyes, I have seen beyond the endless cycle..."

He laid his hands above the dying animal.

"...and I will break it."

If light itself makes a sound, that is what rung out, as the bat under Master's warted hands regrew its wings. A piercing, yet soothing chime. After struggling for a moment, the mended rodent took flight once more. Right into a window. It fell lifeless on the ground. Maryann beheld both feats in awe. Master looked her deep in the eyes.

"I have the power to heal your father. However, this body will not last. That is why I need you."

He extended his bat-stained hand towards her.

"I will bestow upon you the magic within me, so you may heal this world in my stead. Not only your father, but all whom need it. Will you join me?"

Faced with an unbelievable proposition, she understandably hesitated for a while.

“What do I need to do?”

“You will come with me to find two more of your kind. Only then can I tell you everything.”

She turned away for a moment, thinking it over.

“May I return to my family?”

“In time, yes.”

After more contemplation, she sighed.

“...Very well.”

She took Master’s hand, squeezing out some bat juice.

“Excellent.”

Master rose up, still holding her hand.

“From now on, you will be known as Rotcunt.”

My face must have been beaming with excitement. That was probably the most beautiful thing I had ever heard. Marya—, sorry, Rotcunt, however turned redder than ever, seemingly on the verge of tears. Did she like the name that much? I sure did!

“R-ro-ro-ro...”

She buried her face in her hands. I smiled happily. She must love her new name that much, I thought, and extended my congratulations.

“Rotcunt! That’s such a great name, isn’t it?”

“Aahhh!” she yelped out. Master put his hands on her shoulders.

“Rotcunt.”

Hiding her reddened face, she whimpered out,

“I... I think I’d... prefer Maryann...”, to which me and Master replied in perfect unison.

“Rotcunt is better.”



Once Rotcunt had calmed down, we took off. We would have to quickly go and tell her parents she’d be away for a while, as well as heal her father of his groinrot. Living in the wealthier part of the city, she usually went home by carriage, but said ride wouldn’t have arrived until school was over. Thus, we walked. It was a nice chance to enjoy the scenery and catch up. She, still somewhat timidly, told me of her life until now, tales of many things I could never have imagined, and Master told her what he had told me. I had, what she later described as, a ‘stupid grin’, on my face the whole time.

“Your body is sustained by magic power alone,” he explained, “You will never have to eat, but you may, if you wish to.”

Rotcunt was somewhat confused, but also nodding understandingly. Still stupidly grinning, I reflected upon our journey so far. I was truly happy. If not for Master, I would never have met my sister. I probably wouldn’t even be alive. I had to turn to him and ask.

“Hey, Master?”

“Yes, Blisterdick?” he said without turning his gaze from the road. Rotcunt seemed to twitch at any mention of either of our names.

“Can I... hold your hand?”

“If you wish.”

Ecstatic, I grabbed Master’s right hand with both of mine. Immediately, I felt his entomologous friends squirming beneath his wart-ridden flesh, and thought of something.

“Do they have names?”

“Do what have names, Blisterdick?”

I lifted his hand up slightly.

“The maggots under your skin!”

At that point, Rotcunt quickly popped her head out from Master’s other side to look at me, and asked.

“The what?”

“Master has all kinds of insects inside him! It’s really cool!”

I turned my gaze to him, while all life left Rotcunt’s face.

“So, do they have names?”

Master stopped.

“No. If you wish to name the over eighteen thousand constantly reproducing maggots, centipedes, roaches and lice within my body, that typically live for approximately two days, you are free to do so. I, however, choose to pass. They are but tools to me.”

That was the most Master had spoken in a while. Rotcunt turned red and started stuttering with shaking lips, tears forming in her eyes.

“T-t-th-t...”

She must’ve felt bad for the poor creatures that only got to live for a few days within Master’s body. As her brother, I had to cheer her up.

“Don’t worry, Rotcunt, I’m sure you could have some too!”

“Stop!” she yelled out, burying her crying face into her hands.

After yet another tearful pit stop, our journey continued. Master was still leading the way, to Rotcunt's great surprise. He really did know everything. I figured we must have been getting closer, as the neighbourhoods became more and more decorated, with bigger and more lush gardens. It was there that I realised something important. I had not yet seen why Master chose to call my sister Rotcunt. If I was Blisterdick for my blistering dick, then she must, by all logic, have a rotten cunt. I had to ask her!

"Rotcunt!" I yelled out to her, causing her to jump, "I forgot to ask! Can I see it?"

"S-see what?"

"Your rotten cunt!"

Only after the fact did I realise that I had just shouted that out at a not insignificant volume in the middle of a rather busy street, but to everyone's surprise, Rotcunt was not fazed. She looked at me calmly.

"Ok."

She unbuttoned her trousers and pulled them down with her white silk panties, revealing something beyond belief. It is still, to this day, hard to put its beauty to words. What lay there, was a piece of paradise. It was kind of like an overcooked jacket potato. A half-gutted rodent left in the sun for a Moon. Or a grievous axe wound. Maybe what a gate to Stroem would look like? The gill of a cockfish? Sticky lines of mucus connected its rancid flesh depths to her slowly dissolving panties, which were so thoroughly covered in bodily waste, it was hard to tell where the rot ended and the shit started. Liquids, both clear and opaque, were oozing and dripping out of the decaying folds of her mangled genitalia, and onto both her trousers as the pavement below. Hairs and worms jutted out of wherever there was skin not crusted in rot. Stunning. I was just about to turn my enamoured gaze up to meet her eyes, when the swollen opening of that nightmarish abyss quivered. Pried open from within, the tormented crevasse spread apart with a sickly sloshing sound, and out began crawling, what other than, a partly dissolved bat. Squeaking and squirming, it tried to claw its way out, its skin violently ripped and torn by the teeth of the fleshy walls, covered in syrupy, noxious pus. Sadly, despite all the little rodent's struggles, its fate was sealed. Just as it had managed to pull both its wings out of this rotten maw of death, finally gasping for air, the jaw-like labial folds reached out like a snake, stretching over the creature, pulling it back into the putrid recess. I watched, mouth agape, overjoyed to have witnessed this miracle of life from a front row

seat. Eyes sparkling in pure wonderment, I looked up at both Rotcunt and Master. In that moment, I could have sworn I saw something twitch on Master's near featureless void of a face. Rotcunt looked very calm, relaxed even. I heard some muffled grinding and gurgling from her vagina, and soon, she reached down and into it, pulling out tiny animal bones. Master slowly turned the other way, and every bat in his field of vision was suddenly twisted, mangled and turned inside out into a red cloud of gore. I didn't know what was up with that, but cared not, as all had paled before something truly spectacular.

"That was awesome! I wish mine did that!" I told Rotcunt. She smiled in response.

"Maybe it will. Have you tried?"

She was remarkably calm after such a feat.

"Can't say I have. But thanks for showing me! It's really bold of you to do so in front of so many people!"

It was only then that Rotcunt looked around her and saw the crowd of dozens of people, all of whom had died on the spot, still standing up. Upon seeing the masses and realising what she'd done, she slowly buttoned up her trousers with a blank expression and lifeless eyes, and promptly fainted. Unsure whether it was from magic, or the sight of my sister's lovely but carnivorous twat, that the crowd had so suddenly passed away, we saw it best to pick her up and move on, before being accused of murder.



Finally, after an exciting walk through the city, did we arrive in the Western side of Erburgham, where the factories and endless roads turned to beautiful orchards and exquisitely trimmed hedge fences. Huge manors of red brick, with their own stables and even guards, filled the lands. Rotcunt, whom I had been carrying until now, woke up.

"Ah, we're here already."

It seemed like she had forgotten what had happened. I set her down, and we walked, led by her, to the Rashore estate. It had a large garden with many blossoming trees and neatly cut grass, decorated with flower beds and statues of bats. Wide steps, with ornate handrails, led up to the massive wooden double doors of their mansion. Rotcunt hopped to the entrance first, and knocked on the door with the bat-shaped knocker. One of the large doors soon opened, and we could see an older man standing inside, with a younger female maid beside him. The man bowed and

welcomed Rotcunt in.

“Ah, Miss Maryann, back already?”

“Yes, Phriesbea, I had to leave school early. I brought visitors for Father.”

The servant looked at me and Master, as if having only just noticed us. Master’s magical appearance seemed to make his gaze narrow, and he tilted his head to the side as he eyed me up and down, before turning back to Rotcunt.

“I see. I will inform him.”

He bowed again and left us with the maid, who led us past the lobby into a fancy lounge. Having us sit on the lush couches, she motioned Rotcunt to join her in the doorway, where she stood hands clasped together.

“Miss, would you like to change out of your school uniform before your Father comes down? There’s a massive shit stain on your trousers.”

“Ah, it’s fine,” she said, quickly using a spell to clean and dry her clothes, “It was a bat stain.”

The maid simply nodded, and came over to our table to pour us both a glass of water. They seemed to get along pretty well, this maid and Rotcunt. She was probably a bit younger than us, and her light brown hair was done in a similar double braid to Rotcunt’s. She was also clearly avoiding eye contact with Master. I suppose he could’ve looked a little intimidating to a younger girl. She moved to the other end of the room, waiting in silence. The older male servant soon returned, bowing again as he entered.

“Master Bollzor will join you shortly.”

He left after saying just that, leaving the door open. Life sure seems complicated in a huge house like this, having to do everything through servants. Pondering all that, I was just about to take a sip of water, when a terrible crashing sound echoed from the lobby, followed by grunting and distraught voices. Only moments after, two maids in nothing but skimpy swimwear appeared through the door, bowing to all of us deeply.

“We are terribly sorry, but would you mind talking to Master Bollzor while we try to lift him back up? He is quite eager to meet Miss Maryann’s new associates.”

Confused, I looked at Master, who slowly got up. I followed him out of the room after the maids. In the middle of the previously tidy lobby now laid a large bed on wheels, tipped to its side, bedding and pillows scattered nearby. It must have rolled down the stairs. Judging by the various and plentiful scuffs and marks upon the wooden staircase, this was most likely

the case, and not the first time. The mobile bed looked just as battered. On and under it all was a rotund man, clothed in bedwear. No matter his large stature, he seemed sickly and frail. He must be...

"Ah, welcome. I am Bollzor Rashore."

...her father. He looked up at us from his prone position as the barely clothed maids, through great struggle, tried to flip the bed back up. His voice was rough and words strained, but he still spoke confidently. Rotcunt kneeled by his side and helped him into a sitting position, casting healing magic in the process.

"You'd think they'd have learned by now..." she said quietly.

"Worry not, dear. I am alright."

He was bleeding from his mouth.

"Now then, who are our fine guests?"

Rotcunt looked up at me, and I figured I should introduce myself.

"I am—"

Master stretched his arm in front of me, and stepped forward.

"Smegmar Clamidea. Syphilia City's former leading researcher in poison magic and magipharml phenomena."

Wow! Very official. And... Smegmar... That was the first time I had heard Master's real name, but I much preferred Wartcock.

"Syphilia, you say?" replied Lord Bollzor, wiping blood from his bruised and pale face, "Do you know what happened there? I've heard many a rumour..."

"A foolish king doomed his nation."

"I see... I received word of a strange black fog covering the lands."

Master straightened his posture and cleared his throat.

"It is more of a smoke than a fog. Although I call it a mist. It is of solid particulate, not gas, but I too have referred to it as vaporous. However, it is most akin to smoke. I simply feel 'mist' sounds the most ominous. Do you not agree?"

"Uhh... yes. Quite."

The maids had finally, with some help from Mister Phriesbea, managed to lift Bollzor's bed back up, and another servant had appeared with a bucket of water to clean the blood off the floor.

"And who are you?" Bollzor asked, turning towards me, while the servants tried to help him stand up. He was clearly struggling to maintain his dignified demeanour, weakened by disease. I bowed slightly.

"I'm Blis—"

“—tian. He is my student, Blistian. Former resident of Linden and the brother of Maryann.”

Master had finished in my stead. I suppose we did need to watch our tongue in a house so luxurious, no matter how proud of my name I was. Lord Bollzor twitched a bit at the mention of our relation.

“Brother... I see.”

He looked back and forth between me and Rotcunt, then back at Master.

“You’re not their father, though.”

“I am not. I am Blistian’s current guardian.”

“Right. You don’t really look related, either.”

He grabbed his chin.

“To be fair — and do pardon me — you barely look human.”

“Thank you.”

Lord Bollzor looked slightly concerned but continued.

“Then—”

Their conversation, however, was cut short by a woman entering the room.

“I heard we had guests! My apologies, I was consulting with the chef.” She quickly made her way to Bollzor’s side, holding her dress up. Bollzor extended a hand towards her.

“Ah. Master Clamidea, Blistian, this here is my wife, Lady Sepsina Rashore.”

The lady gently curtsied to us.

“Welcome. What brings you two here? And Maryann, back from school already?”

“Yes, mother, they wished to discuss something with me.”

Master nodded.

“Good day, ma’am. We are indeed here to discuss a matter related to your adoptive daughter, Maryann.”

Lady Sepsina, too, had twitched as she saw Master’s face, but maintained her poise.

“...I see. Is it related to school? Are you a teacher? Has she done something wrong? Is she—”

Bollzor stopped her.

“Now, now, dear. Let’s listen to what Master Clamidea has to say.”

“Before Maryann, there is actually another matter I would like to discuss.”

“Oh?”

“Groinrot.”

Bollzor sighed.

“...Yes.”

“You may be delighted to hear that I have discovered a cure for it.” His eyes opened wide at Master’s words, and Lady Sepsina covered her gasping mouth.

“A-a cure? None of the diseases of old should be...”

“It is possible. And I do believe our conversation would be less strenuous for you, if you were back in full health.”

Blood was dripping from most, if not all, of Bollzor’s orifices.

“That would certainly help, yes.”

“Then,” Master said, turning to Rotcunt, “Maryann, if you would?” She was slightly startled by the sudden mention, but quickly walked to their side.

“Ah! Yes!”

Master placed his warted hand on her back, causing her to squirm.

“Press your right middle and index fingers on his forehead, and relax your muscles, please.”

Rotcunt did as told.

“This body has grown weak,” Master explained, “I have vast knowledge of innumerable spells, magic unfathomable to most, but my time is coming to an end.”

Master’s eyes lit up in an eerie white glow, and surprise took both Rotcunt and Bollzor’s faces, as magic flowed through them.

“That is one reason why I am here. I would like to take Maryann as my disciple, and pass all I know on to her.”

Rotcunt lowered her gaze to the floor. Sepsina interjected.

“You want to take Maryann away? She’s still in school! She’s—”

“Sepsina, dear, let him speak,” said Bollzor, whose condition had already clearly improved. Or at least his eyes weren’t bleeding anymore. The distressed Sepsina continued.

“But she’s still young! We don’t know these people! They could—”

“Sepsina, please, shut the fuck up.”

Master removed his hand from Rotcunt’s back, who in turn slowly lowered her arm.

“It is done. How do you feel, Lord Bollzor?” asked Master. All life had returned to the previously withered old man. He patted his arms and chest, as if to make sure he was still in one piece, excitement dominating his face.

“I... I feel great. It’s... gone! The groinrot’s gone!”
Master nodded.

“Indeed. Now, for the matter of Maryann—”

“Take her! Teach her all you know!” he shouted, only to be shot down by his wife.

“But Bollzor! We don’t know anything about them! What if something happens—”

“Sepsina, my dearest, mine most beloved, please. Shut. The fuck. Up. That man is clearly extremely talented. If he wishes to take our Maryann as a student, I am all for it. This is what she deserves! She’s a gifted lass, well past others her age. What is she ever gonna learn in that dogshit fucking school that costs more than our house, where half the teachers are either old enough or stupid enough to fall on their asses to smear their own piss and shit on their faces if left unattended for more than thirty seconds, that she wouldn’t learn with an actual experienced mage in the field?”

Wow. He’s passionate. Lord Bollzor was clearly back up to full health, with no sign of him ever having nearly died from an ancient disease that rots one from within. Lady Sepsina had crossed her arms and was shaking her head in disagreement.

“But dear, what if she gets hurt? What if...”
She stopped and drew a deep breath.

“...she gets bitten by a rotsquito, trips, falls down a cliff, banging her head into six rocks, right into a rosebush full of snakes and centisheets, now with thirteen less teeth and a severe concussion, left defenceless as all her bones are broken, but saved just before the rotsquito venom could paralyse her by a wandering priest who happens to know healing magic, yet is unable to fend off the goblins that soon attack and capture them, killing the priest and using her as a breeding sow for so long, that, after saved, still oozes out goblin semen twenty years later whenever she sits down, becoming an infertile worrywart, who doesn’t want to send her beloved daughter, adoptive or not, out into this cruel world to face Gods know what fucking horrors!”

We had all been standing there without a sound, listening to this highly unlikely chain of events, begging in our heads for someone to break the all too long silence.

“...Sepsina. You’re projecting. Something that insane has only ever happened to you.”

Lord Bollzor thankfully spoke up. Sighing, he turned to Master.

“Apologies. Maryann?” he said, facing now the blushed and confused Rotcunt. She was spacing out after listening to Sepsina’s insane rambling. I waved my hand in front of her face and she snapped awake.

“Ah! Yes! I’ll go. I want to help people.”

Bollzor nodded in response and bowed his head to Master. He seemed to be in a hurry to finish our conversation, as his hands were shaking, and he kept glancing up to the top of the staircase.

“I leave her in your care.”

“B-but—” yelped Sepsina, immediately stopped by Bollzor raising his hand towards her.

“Shut up. She’s going,” he said, without even looking her way. Sepsina seemed to try to find something to say, before suddenly storming out of the room — only to slip on the floor, still wet from the earlier cleaning, banging her head on it and passing out. The older servant, Phriesbea, immediately appeared from somewhere, and carried her away. Bollzor’s impatience had turned to shaking and drooling, he was ready to take off at any moment.

“Are we done?”

“Yes. Thank you very much for your time, Lord Rashore.”

The second Master finished speaking, Bollzor quickly straightened his back and pointed at his servants.

“Tits, Ass! Meet me in my study!” he shouted, and sprinted up the stairs with the agility of a teenage athlete in their prime, skipping three to four steps at a time.

“Yes, Master!”

The two servants ran after him, their ‘clothes’ exploding off of them, disintegrating into dust in the air. A bat flew into the cloud of fabric and choked to death. Surprised, I inquired about this magical feat.

“Master, what was that magic?”

“Hmm... A special ward. I have read of something like it once, in a grimoire. *‘The Gold-digger’s Handbook: Rags to Riches for Basic Bitches’*, I believe it was called.”

“Sounds advanced.”

“It is. One must be of profoundly inadequate mental faculties to master such magic.”

Rotcunt had been silently smiling beside us for a while now.

“I’m glad father is doing better now...” she said, relieved.

“His groinrot is fully healed,” Master told her, “He will live a long and healthy life. Now then, we should go. There is still much to do.”

“Ah, right. I should pack my things.”

Right on cue, the younger maid hopped down the stairs, carrying a large leather suitcase.

“Here you go, Miss Maryann! I packed everything you might need,” she said with a beaming smile.

Rotcunt grabbed the luggage and nodded gratefully.

“Thank you, Urina. I’ll be gone for a while, but do try to keep my things in order.”

“Of course.”

We departed from the premises, and I looked back at the beautiful mansion one last time. Lord Bollzor, naked on his mobile bed, fell through a window on the second storey onto a cobblestone path in the garden. He’s probably fine, I thought. Neither Master or Rotcunt seemed to have noticed, despite the loud crash. I continued walking, but the urge to take another look overtook me. Just once more. And so I did. The manor was engulfed by flames, with smouldering shrapnel shooting out in all directions, uprooting trees, killing bats and decimating all nearby buildings. They’re probably fine, I thought, and kept walking, as anyone else still hadn’t noticed anything. Still, the itch to take *just one more look* was too much to bear.

...I had to. The Floating Continent Fallosmolo crashed onto the remains of the manor, splitting the lands in half. Everything sank down into the flaming abyss that was now incessantly spewing out magma and blood, as a gateway to Stroem had opened up, with Arch-Daemon *Rhÿppÿ’per’zë* crawling out of it. They’re probably not fine.

“What is it, Blisterdick?” asked Master, seeing me constantly looking behind us, clearly unaware, uninterested or understandably opting to ignore the carnage.

“Nothing.”



We arrived back in Central Erburgham. It was around dinner time.

“There is one more thing I would like to do before we leave for Carigrandi,” Master said as we walked, “I have always wished to try the famous Gonorgian bat soup.”

Rotcunt shuddered at the mention of it.

“A-are you sure? It’s a... bit of an acquired taste.”

“I have always found Syphilian cuisine, while tasty, to be quite bland.”

“I’ve never heard of bat soup,” I said, “I want to try it!”

Food back home, when I was still fed it, was simply whatever we could get, often just potatoes and the occasional piece of meat. Of course, now I didn’t need to eat at all, but trying new things is always exciting. Rotcunt still looked quite troubled.

“Well... We can try some, but I don’t think you’ll like it.”

Master nodded, and we headed to the nearest restaurant.

We didn’t have to go far, as three out of the eight storefronts on every block were bat soup restaurants. It truly was inescapable here. As it was the time, many hardened workers were eating their servings of afternoon bat soup outside the various restaurants. Brows furrowed, and no smile on their faces, but they seemed to be enjoying it. Some say the myriad factories of the country were fueled by bat soup alone, as I later learned. An abundance of any game will lead to it becoming a staple of the dining table, and bats sure have claimed their place here. We picked a nice looking establishment in the corner of one of the many red buildings. This one had a big sign outside saying *’Dickmann’s Traditional Bats and Mash’*, with a small note below it, *’Delivery drivers will be killed’*. It looked empty, with no seating outside. Master walked in and we followed behind. This was a small restaurant with only a few four seat tables, all covered with bat-embroidered tablecloths. There was one more tiny table in the corner, where two bats were sitting down on tiny chairs, sipping, presumably, bat soup from tiny ramequin-like cups. A buff man behind the counter dried his hands on a rag and greeted us.

“Yo. Dead or alive?”

Standing closest to him, Master asked for clarification.

“Excuse me?”

“Ah, not local, I take it. You’ll prefer the dead.”

Master seemed perplexed, but nodded.

“Three servings, dead.”

“Yup! Have a seat,” said the chef, pointing towards a round table

by the window. He threw the rag on his shoulder and retreated into the kitchen. We sat down in our seats, and I took the moment to look outside. The streets had quieted down for dinner, but there was still a bustle of man and bat alike. I saw a dapper looking gentleman smack a bat, heading for his face, out of the air without batting an eyelid. What brutal battery! I felt kinda bat for the poor thing, but that's probably just how life here is. The chef suddenly chuckled and spoke from behind the counter while finishing our meals.

"I'm glad you asked. I took over this restaurant thirty-seven years ago after my father died in a masturbation contest. I was only nine years old at the time, with no idea how to cook a bat, but I've come a long way." Who asked? No matter, it's nice learning about people.

"The best bat soup is made with love, you know. It's far less about skill or ingredients, than it is love for the craft — that's the art of cooking a bat."

I was getting excited! It sounds like these people really love bat soup. The chef masterfully placed our three bowls on his arm and brought them over. As he laid them on the table with a proud smile, I could see the soup for the first time.

"Enjoy."

It was a bowl of murky water with the entire carcass of a dead bat laying in it. Rotcunt covered her face in shame. The chef, whom had returned to the kitchen, was just talking about cooking them, but this was just a regular, dead bat in regular, dirty water. How did it take him multiple minutes to prepare this? I had so many questions, but Master interrupted my pondering by being the first to take a spoonful.

"..."

Maybe it's better than it looks.

"Rotcunt. Blisterdick. We are leaving."

Rotcunt sighed in defeat.

"Y-yes. I did warn you."

Sounds of violent defecation could be heard from the kitchen as we got up and left. I didn't realise how suffocating it was inside the restaurant until we got back outside, and when I drew in the fresh air, a shockwave swept across us, as the restaurant erupted into a bright yellow pillar of flame.

"That would likely have killed me, were I still a man."

With Master's mysterious remark, and dozens of people dead in an explosion, we left the city of Erburgham to rest in a town near the Southern border of Gonorgia, Ashkerrack.

Chapter 3

Louseballs

Master flew us to an inn called The Bareback Boys. It was a nice, sizable wood and brick cabin at the edge of the town, with eight rooms and a pleasant outside area. The word 'CUM', written in used male contraceptives nailed to the wall, decorated the entrance. We would spend the night here before crossing the border. 'Our kind' supposedly didn't need sleep, but Master said it's better not to travel in the dark. I looked out of the blood-, shit- and cum stained window of the room we had booked. The Southern end of Gonorgia was already much hotter than near the capital, though there were still ways until the tropical Carigrandi. Between the two countries was a barren plain, where magic barely flows. Indeed, magic does not, but what does flow there, is the river Veriliarsi, a magical body of water that turns blood into semen. It runs down from the mountain range separating us from Festera, serving as a remnant of one of mankind's encounters with the elves long ago, of which few records have survived. So potent is the ancient and unexplainable magic coursing through it, that it instantly transforms any and all blood within one's body with just the slightest touch. Not only that, but the waters are also immensely wide. Hence, a bridge was never constructed across it. All this makes it an excellent barrier between the two countries, though obviously hindering trade between them. Passage around the river's Northern end was possible, but moving stock through Linden had become more common. Of course, none of this would concern us, as we travelled by air.

The first day of our adventure drew to an end, as the sun set over the mountains. In the cosy lodgings of the inn, sitting around a table, Master inseminated our minds with the next plan of action.

“There are still two more of your kind.”

“Are they our siblings too?” I asked.

“Not blood-related. You would not be able to be married in Syphilia.” The candlelight of the room illuminated all but Master’s darkened face. I wasn’t overly familiar with Syphilian customs.

“So...” said Rotcunt after a brief silence, “Why us?”

“I will explain everything once we are all together. For now, just know that you are very special.”

He stood up.

“It will not be long now...”

With those words, Master laid his back against a wall and closed his eyes.

“While you do not need sleep, per se, rest is still good for mana circulation.”

Me and Rotcunt, too, laid down on the surprisingly soft hay beds, and closed our eyes until morning.

Said morning came, and we got ready to continue our adventure. There had been an orgy in the next room last night, and a game of tic-tac-toe was drawn on the hallway floor, in semen, of course. Circle had won. A dickhorn ox, draped in a pink dress, was lying in the corner by a broken window. What an interesting place! Food was another thing we didn’t need, so we skipped breakfast without even checking what it was. You know, just in case they were serving bat soup.

While me and Master were still travelling bare, Rotcunt had had her rather large suitcase of clothing, food and other supplies with her the whole time. ‘A mage need but their robes and staff’, Master had said, but I suppose a girl’s gotta stay fashionable, even on an adventure. Thankfully, with Rotcunt’s excellent magical abilities, she could just have the suitcase float alongside her, even riding it at times. Very convenient. I should get something to ride on too, I thought. Or just learn Master’s genius faecal ferry technique, which we utilised once more to cross over Verfield, the dead plains around the river Veriliarsi. There really was nothing there, not even dead trees or rocks. It was a completely smooth, grey field of dust, with the murky, wide river in the middle. A bizarre sight, for sure.

Beyond the deadened lands, the scenery turned green once more, and we soon arrived in the first town, Lecamulcu. I expected the sunny, tropical paradise of Carigrandi to be a lively and cheery place, but I must say I was quite disappointed. Lively or cheery it was not, with no sun to speak of. It was an overcast, humid day, and everyone looked ready to die. Maybe it's only like this here, closer to the mountains, I thought. We were still far from the coastal capital, Munacoiso, after all. That must've been where all the fun was. This town, however, was what some might call a shithole. A hacked together settlement of necessities. Why did Master bring us here? In my pondering, I noticed something. There were no roofs. None of the houses, built of rocks, mismatched planks, and seemingly whatever they could find, had roofs. Surely that would be a bigger priority than a patio, windows, decorative doors and gardens, which they had opted for instead. I was rather baffled, and turned to Master's infinite wisdom.

"Their houses... There's no roofs on any of the buildings!"

After a brief moment of silence, Master replied.

"It does not rain here."

"Ah!"

I looked up. A drop of water fell on my face, and soon it started raining properly. I looked at Master.

"It does not rain very often."

An extremely tired looking man, standing atop a platform next to a huge billboard, flipped over a plate on a counter. '**RAINS TODAY: 13**', it now read. I looked at Master.

"It does not rain on the houses," he said.

At that moment, multiple doors flew open and people ran out of their houses, followed by a stream of water. I looked at Master.

"It is not raining on us."

I pointed at Rotcunt.

"That's because Rotcunt is using a spell," I said. She had her right hand up, and all the rain falling down was arcing away from us. She smiled back. A bat flew out of the back of her shirt as she turned her head.

"They do not mind the rain."

I wanted to believe him, but the numerous frustrated remarks ringing out around us suggested otherwise.

"Fuck!", "Why is it raining again?!", "My clothes had just dried!"

I looked at Master.

"..."

“Well, I’m gonna help them out,” I said, and walked over to the nearest person cursing the rain. Rotcunt raised her left hand up to cast the same protective spell above me.

“Excuse me, sir.”

He turned my way, glancing up in surprise, as it was no longer raining on him. I smiled and pointed at Rotcunt behind me. She waved at us with her right hand, which caused rain to briefly fall on her and Master. Gasping, she resumed the spell. I continued.

“Why don’t your houses have roofs? You clearly don’t want the rain falling inside.”

The man looked puzzled.

“Roofs? Huh? Why?”

“...If you covered your houses, it would keep the rain out?”

He looked at the house behind him, eyeing it up and down, then turned back to me.

“Huh?”

“The rain wouldn’t get in your house, if you covered it with a roof,” I explained again. The man still looked confused.

“Hold on!” I said and returned to Master’s side, “Can you make him a roof?”

Master looked at me and the house behind the once more wetted man, as Rotcunt’s protective spell had followed me back.

“Certainly, but I shall have you cast the magic. Let me guide your hand.”

My face lit up, first from excitement upon getting to try some magic, then from delight as Master’s wart-clad hands took mine.

“Simply imagine a flat sheet upon the building,” he guided me. I closed my eyes and tried to picture the house with a flat roof. Something began flowing through me as I did, just like when Master first healed my body. It felt like something was pouring out through my hand, then scattering away, only to appear again far away, above the house. I opened my eyes, and saw it manifesting out of thin air; a flat sheet of excrement, forming a roof over the house. It soon reached every corner of the building, and the sensation within me ceased. I relaxed my hand and exhaled. The roof... Well, it collapsed. The sheet caved in, filling the house with shit.

“Ah, too loose. Imagine more fibre,” Master said. Magic sure is difficult. The man I had been talking to, the owner of the house, ripped the door open to see where the horrid sloshing sound had come from.

“WHAT THE FUCK?!?!”

“Ah, we’re terribly sorry! We’ll clean it soon!” I yelled out to him, as he slammed the door shut. I turned my head back.

“But Master, why shit?”

“I am intimately familiar with its structure from my father’s experiments. It is simply the easiest material for me to reproduce. Go on, try again.”

While the owner of the house ran away, holding his nose, I closed my eyes once more and tried to picture a dense, fibrous, rock hard log of shit. The more I focused, the more clearly I could see it. A perfectly knit crystalline structure, harder than anything I had ever seen. From that feeling, I recalled a faint memory. A moment of pain from my childhood. The sensation of biting into a fork. That hardness, that ungiving rigidity. Once again, the tingle of magic enveloped my fingertips. Master drew in even closer, pressing himself against me, gripping the back of my hand tight. The image in my head was now as clear as life itself. A perfectly flat, decently thick sheet of immensely hard shit. I drew in a deep breath, and with all I had... I pushed. Gathering whatever magic flowed through and within me, I gritted my teeth and forced it out through my hand, and onto the roof. This time, however, it felt completely different. It wasn’t just appearing. I sensed the shit neatly forming, binding, weaving together, like cloth on a loom. Melting together on the finest level, creating the most intricate, perfectly uniform object that could possibly be. And it didn’t form slowly like our previous failed attempt. Once the magic found its way, I could feel the rest of the slab flashing into reality in almost an instant, with a sharp metallic ring, slamming into place with a clank. The piercing sound quickly snapped me out of my focus, and made me open my eyes. The once roofless house was now covered by our beautiful slab of shit, its exquisitely smooth surface gleaming in what little sunlight made it down through the thick grey clouds. My admiration would not last long, however. I heard a sound from behind us. A faint, pained grunt. Then another. A muffled, gurgling scream.

“Wh-what did you do...”

Rotcunt’s trembling voice made me turn around. I may have used too much magic. Every living being in sight was frozen still, those moaning in pain whom still could. Everything, from man to bird, beast to insect, was left motionless where they stood, as all the shit inside them had turned harder than steel. Blood began dripping out of some of their rears, as the obscenely heavy, dense materia inside them tried to force its way down.

“Uhh...”

I tried to say something, but there were no words for this. Master laid a hand on my shoulder.

“Magic can be quite unpredictable.”

He let go of my hand, and waved his own to create a spiralling wave of excrement beneath his feet, riding it to the top of the house.

“This, however...” he mumbled, swiping his finger across the crap slab, tapping it with his knuckles.

“Extraordinary...”

Master jumped down with unexpected agility and returned to me.

“I have sampled the faeces of every creature in Syphilia. This is unlike anything I have ever witnessed. Good work, Blisterdick.”

I forced a pained smile on my face.

“What about the dead people?”

“Progress does not come without sacrifice.”

Rotcunt had covered her crying face after a failed attempt to heal one of the countless victims. Most of them had already perished from their internal wounds. I had committed mass murder in the name of science. Was this it? Would my journey come to an end with me executed for my crimes? What about—

“Blisterdick.”

Master interrupted my self pitying mental rambles.

“Do not worry. Such mishaps are inevitable when one is learning a new skill. As a wise man once said, *‘can’t make an omelette without cracking a few eggs’*. Can we not justify the suffering of a few for the benefit of many?”

He was right. Master was always right. I may have killed hundreds of people, but it was a valuable learning experience. I would be stronger next time.

“Thank you, Master.”

Rotcunt’s face was twisted in shock. I’m sure she too will learn in time. Anyway...

“So, uhh.... yeah. Why did we come here, again?”

Master looked off into the distance.

“The one we are after was executed here long ago, later held captive, but I do not sense him. He must have been transferred elsewhere.”

Execution first, captivity later? I knew we were special, but that’s certainly different.

“I would ask,” he added, “were they all not dead?”

“Mm, sorry about that.”

He laid a hand on my shoulder.

“It matters not. We will ask in the next town.”

Swiftly onboard Master’s crap canoe, we flew over to the town of Liersityuledin, with me carrying the sobbing Rotcunt in my arms. They didn’t have roofs either, and it was raining, but based on past experience, we saw it best not to help. The rain did also cause our turd tugboat to drip its fecal mass down below, so we wanted to keep our visit brief. Thus, before anyone died, Master asked for directions from the first man to pass us by.

“Would you happen to know where Lutcu the Thief is being held? He was no longer in Lecamulcu.”

The man’s face lit up in a nasty grin.

“Ah! He’s been moved to Motcula! They had a bad crop of tomangies, and the captain of the Order there had the awesome idea of throwing them at him. It’s been a great local attraction.”

“Thank you.”

Lutcu the Thief? Interesting title. Apparently The Order of Cari, Carigrandi’s current armed forces, had taken him away, and our shit schooner followed suit. Motcula wasn’t far, and we made it there in no time at all, with the fields of ballive trees changing into more roofless houses. As soon as we landed in the first dry town I had seen out there, I noticed the signs plastered all over the walls and fences. ‘COME SEE THE IMMORTAL MAN!’, ‘THE UNBELIEVABLE, UNDYING FREAK!’, ‘LONG ASS NECK ASS FUCKING FUCK ASS LONG NECKED FUCK!’

“Master,” I asked, stopping behind him, “would that be him?”

“Quite likely.”

Following the arrows by the signs, Master began walking towards wherever this ‘undying freak’ may be. I went along, right after grabbing Rotcunt, who had fallen behind to pet a cat on the road. It appeared we weren’t the only ones heading this way, as more and more people joined us, many armed with rotten fruit, rocks, darts, throwing knives, throwing axes, slingshots, small catapults, maces, flails, battering rams, bows and arrows, javelins, rakes, kettles of boiling oil and whatever else, all wearing a cruel smirk. I feared for our friend’s safety.

Snaking through the alleys filled with rats, shit and rat shit, we eventually made it to a clearing, a plaza of sorts. There, past the growing crowd, I saw what must be this Lutcu. A man fastened to a pole, both tied and nailed, completely naked, bruised from head to toe. A man with peculiar pointy ears just like ours. A man whose genitals were fully covered by a swarm of insects.

"That's him," I said, as we stopped at the outer edge of the crowd.

"Indeed," replied Master. He turned his head back to give both me and Rotcunt a quick glance.

"Let us go."

The crowd, laughing and yelling obscenities, had been throwing whatever fit their hands at the poor captive man this whole time, but he did not seem to care. In fact, I thought I saw a faint smile on his bloodied face. Master took a step forward into the mass of people, paying no heed to whom he may bump into.

"Oi!" cried a man, as he was pushed from behind, though his face turned pale upon seeing Master's darkened features. A few others turned to look back, immediately frozen still as well. Master kept wading through the populus, with all whom he passed freezing in place, like they'd seen a ghost. Soon, their petrified bodies began to tremble, slumping at their joints, yellowed liquid pouring out their mouths. The first to be affected lost balance, collapsing into bags of flesh, blood and piss oozing out from every orifice. More followed, more fell. Master made his way through them all without saying a word, with me hesitantly following behind. Rotcunt dared not, stuck somewhere between screaming and crying. As Master reached the fenced perimeter past the crowd, everyone there had turned into a lifeless pile of flesh. It was just him, me, Rotcunt, and the tied up man before us. Seeing this unexpected turn of events, he raised his head to look at us, smiling, though he did not seem happy.

"What, you come to ridicule me as well? The undying man?" He spat out blood onto the already bloody pavement.

"No. I came to retrieve you," Master said, stepping towards him.

"Right, sure. Did you just do that to those people?"

His brown eyes turned to look at the countless bodies behind us.

"I turned anything solid in their bodies into urine. I care not for many things, but I will not stand by as my future pupil is being mistreated."

"Uh-huh, and who's that?"

Master raised his right hand, and the previously restrained man fell to the ground, as the ropes and nails binding him also turned to urine.

“You.”

Despite his myriad wounds, he still landed on his feet, and stood up like it was nothing. Wasn't he just nailed to a pole through his neck and stomach? I guess he really was the undying man!

“Pupil, huh? What do you teach?” he asked, wiping blood off his still grinning face.

“Magic, and the knowledge to save this world from ruin.”

“...Can't say I went to school for that.”

He had walked over to the pile of bodies, inspecting them. Of course, he was still naked, with the mysterious cloud of insects always glued to his crotch.

“Or that I went to school at all.”

Seemingly noticing something, he hopped through the human debris to a man's body. Master was observing in silence.

“Whatever. I've got nothing better to do,” he said, pulling a white tunic off a mangled corpse, and shaking off most of the bloody remains.

“You may come with us, then,” Master said, turning back to whence we came.

“Sure.”

“Excellent. From now on, your name will be Louseballs.”

The man paused for a moment, folding the shirt in his hands, staring at Master intently. Soon, he burst out into a bellowing laughter.

“Louseballs? As in... lice on my balls?”

Master replied calmly, looking down at his insect-ridden genitalia.

“I would deem that most fitting.”

I looked at both him and Master, and had to ask.

“What's so funny?”

This man, now dubbed Louseballs, looked at me, still laughing.

“Louseballs! Fucking Louseballs! That's insane!” he exclaimed, grinning ear to ear. I smiled back.

“I think it's beautiful.”

“Yeah? What's your name then?” he asked, giggling.

“I'm Blisterdick!” I replied happily, extending my hand for a greeting. The man keeled over from laughter.

“Fuck! Louseballs, and now Blisterdick.”

He looked over to Rotcunt, who immediately turned away.

“Lemme guess, fucking Snail Pussy?”

I took the liberty of introducing her, as she had paled beyond words.

"That sounds really nice! But actually, her name is..." I began saying, pointing towards her with an open hand, but she surprisingly wanted to introduce herself.

"R-rotcunt..." she said under her breath, covering her blushing face with both hands. The man's grin grew ever wider.

"Oh man, this is too good."

He looked at Master.

"Alright, now I'm definitely coming with you. I need to see what else you come up with."

Master nodded in response.

"Good. You may call me Wartcock."

Laughing, Louseballs grabbed a pair of socks from another body.

"Right, should've guessed. Wartcock... Fuck."

Almost all of his earlier wounds seemed to have healed. I figured I should get to know him if we were to travel together.

"Hey, Louseballs?"

He immediately burst into laughter again.

"Yeah?"

"Why were you up on that pole?"

"Oh, you know... Been travelling pole to pole, sometimes tied, sometimes nailed. This time, both."

He sat down to put on the socks he had picked up, and continued the carefree explanation.

"I was in a group of bandits, see? Thieves, whatever. They took me in as a baby, told me my parents abandoned me."

He had somehow managed to put the sock on his hand instead of foot, and started over.

"They raised me as their own. Part of a big ol' bandit family. Stealing whatever we needed, living where life led us... It was good shit. Anyway, years ago, can't really remember when, we tried to rob this really expensive looking carriage, some merchant from Erburgham. Would've been easy livin' with all that cash."

His sock had ripped in half. Rotcunt, who had for a while been standing in silence beside Master, sighed and waved her hand to magically fling him another sock.

"Cheers, 'cunt."

She buried her face in her hands. I was unsure whether it was from embarrassment or disappointment this time. Louseballs continued while

trying to fit on this new sock.

“So, yeah, expensive carriage, wealthy merchant, of course he had guards hiding somewhere. They beat our asses and our guys ran away, leaving me behind. Guards took this chance to tie me up and bring me to the Order, and they sentenced me to death by starvation.”

He finally got both socks on, and nodded proudly.

“That’s pretty horrible.”

“Yeah. They took me to Munacoiso, stripped me naked, tied me to a pole, and left me to die.”

He lifted up his index finger.

“But I didn’t. Many Moons passed, and nothing happened. I was just hanging there with no food or water, but still in perfect health. The Order figured someone must be feeding me, so they made guards watch me day and night. And no one came. No one was feeding me, I just wouldn’t die. I was as baffled as anyone. And then the bugs came.”

He pointed at his crotch, ever bustling with every sort of insect imaginable.

“These little guys started living and breeding here on my nuts. That’s pretty nuts. Better yet, for some reason I could understand them. They don’t like speak or anything, but I get what they’re tryna say. Turned out to be pretty chill dudes. We talked about all kinda bug shit while I just hung on the pole. Guards figured I’d gone nuts, and some big important captain guy from the Order came to see me.”

He pulled up his new shirt, pointing at a large scar on his stomach, something that hadn’t healed like all of his other wounds.

“That guy impaled me with his spear and said that if I’d still be alive come next morning, they’d execute me. Again? Shit made no sense. And of course I didn’t die, even if half my guts were hanging out. The captain called me a freak, said this is no magic humans could use.”

Master stepped towards us.

“He would be correct. That was captain Iizoth Gievecset, the most recent wielder of the Cursed Spear *’Mak’hara Thikku’*, a weapon forged in Stroem. Not even you could fully heal a wound from that.”

“Oh, Wartman knows something! Say, d—”

“I will explain later.”

“Yeah, sure. Hey, tell me, what’s with you anyway? You look a bit... different.”

“That, too, can wait.”

“Cos like, the bugs inside of you are saying there’s nothing there. Like, you’re completely empty. What’s up with that?”

“Later. We need to find your sister first.”
Louseballs stopped.

“...My sister?”

“All in due time.”

Master summoned another dung dingy, much to the excitement of the previously confused Louseballs. It was now the size of a large rug, to accommodate four people. Seeing that something was still missing, I asked Louseballs.

“Are you not going to put on any pants?”

“What? No, of course not. Why would I?”

“...Right.”

I supposed he was sufficiently covered. Right then and there, another important question popped into my mind.

“Hey, what do you think of roofs?”

Louseballs turned to me, face wrinkled in confusion.

“What? What roofs?”

“...Nothing.”

Louseballs never did finish his story, but I could guess what happened next. Master beckoned us over to continue our journey. As we were walking, Louseballs tapped on my shoulder, and I turned towards him. He looked at me with a very charming expression and spoke in a tone most official.

“Pleased to meet you, I’m Louseb—”

He couldn’t finish his fake introduction before bursting out laughing once more.

“Louseballs...” he muttered happily, shaking his head in disbelief. It really is a beautiful name. As there was still one more of us to go, I was absolutely beaming with excitement, eagerly awaiting to hear what their name could be!

Chapter 4

Sporeclit

Our next destination would be all the way in Arsend. Never did I think I'd get to travel beyond home, let alone across the world. For the first time ever, I felt lucky for having been born the way I did, for meeting a man like Master Wartcock. I held on to him tight as we flew far above the forests of Carigrandi. Louseballs was as in awe of the skies as I was when Master first let me experience it. He was also equally interested in the choice of transport.

"How is this pile of shit flying?" he asked.

"I am simply pulling the material towards me," Master explained, "then moving it forward. It is a basic form of control magic, if a little strenuous."

"Could I do it?"

"With practice. It is second nature to me, controlling faeces. It was among the first forms of magic I ever learned, as that was how my father would feed it to me."

Master was talking of his precious childhood memories, but there wasn't a hint of longing in his monotone voice. Louseballs picked up a handful of shit from our raft and tried to make it float, while Rotcunt pressed her face into my back to hide her tears. I wondered whether she was crying because of the topic of the conversation, or because the pus dripping from her rotten cunt had dissolved her trousers.

The lands beneath changed to craggy rocks, and the humid air of Carigrandi was drying up, as we neared the desert. I could already see the endless sea of sand in the distance, and a thick, high wall rising up from it. Beyond the wall, by a murky river, lay a city. The capital of

the Arsend Desert Union, Aki Serna. I was glad to see roofs once more. Decorated, domed roofs, in this case. And not just that, many streets were also covered in hanging cloths, probably to block out the sun. The sea of colourful roofs and cloth, that made up the vast city of stone, was all seemingly centred around a large circular building, which Master would elaborate on.

“That is *Ma'tyga Pese*. The Union Seat of the Magistrate. There, we shall find our final companion.”

His voice sounded frail, I assumed from the dry, dusty air.

“My sister, yeah?” asked Louseballs.

“Correct.”

Our virulent vessel penetrated the crack between two buildings, and we had descended into the back alleys of the city. It was hot, scorching hot, but I didn't mind it. Must've been our magical bodies again.

The streets were lined with merchants' stalls, selling everything from clothes to spices, food to weapons, with locals and adventurers alike trotting around. While I was gazing at the scenery, Master seemed to be staring at his hand, mumbling something to himself.

“It is faster than expected...”

Before I could ask what he meant, a young man ran to us, holding a pile of parchments.

“*Riem'khie!* Are you travellers?”

“We will not buy anything,” replied Master without stopping.

“Ah, no, no, no! I am not selling! I am a writer for *Agre'keciper*, I just have a question!”

He jumped in front of us, walking backwards, but was only met with another cold reply.

“We are in a hurry.”

“This won't take long!” the man continued, undeterred, “I only wish to ask you, which nation should lead the Union?”

“That does not conc—”

Master's reply was interrupted by angry shouts from the crowd.

“*Kytie'tey'rakrar!*”

It was a bearded older gentleman. Our earlier interviewer pressed his papers against his chest.

“Oh no...”

“*Pare?! Cyrateer!*” cried a woman from a stall.

“*Re?! Nyi’gie! Ma’tyga mie’akner!*” yelled another man, drawing out two curved swords. A fight seemed to be breaking out. Apparently, there was some strife between residents of the three nations that made up the Union. We didn’t want any part of it, as we were only passing through.

“*Nyka nam’khie’gie tiem’kie’yue...*”

I heard a faint voice. Amidst the roaring crowds, I saw an ominous looking masked man, whose hands were lit by a glowing circle of magic. He was casting a spell. Master, who had never stopped walking, called out to us three, before we would get wedged between the quarrelling citizens.

“It is best to leave. Sand related spells are a pain.”

I grabbed Rotcunt’s hand, and started moving towards Master, out of the masses. Looking behind me, I saw Louseballs holding someone by his collar with a smile, clearly egging him on.

“Louseballs! We’re leaving!” I yelled out to him. He let go of the man, who fell to his knees, holding his throat.

“Whaaaat, already?” he moaned in a disappointed voice, but did thankfully run after us. Just then, a swirling pillar of sand erupted from the centre of the now full-blown brawl, knocking people around. Those not hit by the initial attack were screaming from pain as sand filled their eyes and mouths. A spell of that magnitude would be a pain no matter what it flung around. Master was heading down the street in a confident stride, while blood and sand spilled in the deadly fight behind us. Whatever was going on between the ruling nations, it seemed serious. We had best hurry.

Without further incidents, we arrived at the *Ma’tyga Pese*. Its grand, ornate doors of stone magically opened for us as we approached, and the smell of incense wafted out of the dim halls ahead. The building was massive. Along the entrance hallway, there were many rooms on both sides, colourful curtains acting as their doors, with signs beside them written in letters I couldn’t read. The thick stone walls seemed to keep the heat out very well, as it was quite cool inside. Beyond the hall was another circular structure, with large staircases surrounding it. There appeared to be multiple higher floors above this one, lined with shelves full of books and scrolls. The door into the central part was guarded by two spear-wielding, hooded soldiers. While I stopped to admire the scenery, Master walked ahead. The two soldiers by the door were suddenly slammed back, into the wall, with such force that I could hear their skulls and spines shatter.

I assumed it must've been Master's doing, though he hadn't even flinched, just kept walking, right through the previously guarded door, that now violently flew open. The people inside, all wearing some kind of a uniform of layered red and yellow cloth, were caught off guard by the sudden bang, and the entrance of a mysterious looking gentleman, our Master.

"*Nyne ke i'ir?*", "*Pare maakhe 'raye?!*", cried the shocked people inside. Master didn't say anything. All in his path keeled over from a mild stomach ache. Me and Louseballs ran into the room after him, with Rotcunt kneeling beside the pained people to see if they were okay. This was clearly some kind of a meeting room. There was a large round table in the middle of the round room, with seats all around it. At the other end of that table, sat a woman, who sprung to her feet after seeing us.

"*Nica! Ke i'ir kie kharyc myc'dema pyc y'cake!*" she yelled in shock. Master silently walked towards the table.

"*Pare kharaye ke ren'hir?!*"

"What is she saying?" I asked Louseballs.

"No clue."

Coming to the edge of the table, Master stopped.

"I would like to talk. In Groinan, if possible, I do not speak Arseen." The woman folded her arms in disgust. Did they know each other?

"*Naagy kag'peciec tekne...* I do not have time."

The table split in half.

"Neither do I."

The atmosphere in the room turned dark. Master started slowly walking towards her through the split table.

"I need your help in saving this world. You will come with us."

She stumbled back in fear.

"*S-se kharyr!* I have my hands full with my work!"

"Unlike me, your work can wait."

"Have you been outside?! It is chaos out here! The Union is falling apart!"

"This world will fall apart if you do not help me."

"I cannot leave my people! We cannot have another war! *Ke'rece...*"

"Without me, there will be no people to save!"

Master's voice had gotten more strained, and he suddenly lunged forwards, grabbing the woman by her forehead.

"This... This is what will happen to your people, to all of the world, unless I stop it!"

The woman's eyes turned blank as she gasped in horror. The long sleeve of Master's cloak flew back, revealing his black, warted arm. It was breaking. His skin was falling off in flakes that disintegrated in the air, revealing nothing but a void beneath. His booming voice, echoing throughout the stony halls, had caused the already hiding people in the room to cower once more. Foamy drool poured from the woman's mouth, tears filled her colourless eyes, her body sweating and trembling.

"Oh wow..." mumbled Louseballs behind me. Master let go of her and pulled the sleeve back over his arm. She fell limp on her knees, vomiting in tears.

"P-pare... kha... raye..."

"I can stop it, but not without you."

Master laid a hand on her shoulder.

"You may return to your people once we are finished."

She spat out the vomit from her mouth, and slapped away Master's hand.

"Mirec'namte... Do not touch me."

In great pain, holding her head, she rose up and stepped away from him.

"And why should I trust you?"

"I can help you, help your people," Master told her, "But I need *your* help first."

She spat again.

"What does that mean? Who even are you?"

Master stayed calm in the face of resentment.

"I am Wartcock."

"What..."

After a moment, she shouted in anger, grabbing and shaking her head.

"Argh! Fine! I will listen to you, but I do not promise anything."

"Excellent. Now, come with us. We must make haste."

"What? Where?"

Without a reply, Master turned and started walking back towards us three, who were still standing in the doorway. I leaned to the side to peek past him, and waved at our new companion. She grunted and made her way to us through the broken table. Not the friendliest type, I figured. Master stopped and turned back towards her.

"From now on, your name will be Sporeclit."

She too stopped, and it seemed to take a few moments for her to truly understand what he had just said.

"WHAT?!"

Louseballs fell backwards on his ass, laughing hysterically. Sporeclit was a beautiful name. I wondered where Master got it.

“Fuck...” mumbled the grinning Louseballs, before clearing his throat and giving her a salute.

“Yo! I’m your brother, Louseballs!”

“I don’t care. *Teac’y khara’yye*,” Sporeclit snarled and stormed out of the room ahead of us, “My name is *Riase Nyi’mege*.”

Louseballs acted shocked while grinning like always, before retorting.

“Damn. It’s true, what they say; bitches from Arsend got pussies full of sand.”

She stopped, turning to him.

“Excuse me?”

“Wow! Hey, Rotcunt actually has a pussy full of bats!” I said.

“Excuse me??”

“Louseballs, that is a wild generalisation. Most of them do in fact not,” Master corrected.

“Excuse me???”

“There... There was only one bat...” mumbled Rotcunt.

“Excuse me???? *Pare kharaye*?! What the fuck is wrong with you people?!”

She seemed to be getting a bit upset. I was just about to apologize, when her pantaloons exploded open.

“*Iea car!*” she yelled. The front half of her clothing had been ripped apart and in her crotch, sticking out of the obscene bush, was a perfectly spherical, pulsating orb of flesh, roughly the size of her fist. It was full of holes all around, and puffing out some kind of smoke. No, more like pollen. Or...

“Spores!” I yelled out, pointing at it, “That’s where the name came from!”

Louseballs bursted into an insane howling laughter. Rotcunt offered words of consolation.

“That might actually be worse than mine...”

I wasn’t exactly an expert when it came to female anatomy, but I was pretty sure that’s not what it was supposed to look like. Same goes for Rotcunt. However, it was beautiful. Stunning. Incredible. A true miracle of life.

“It’s beautiful, Sporeclit,” I told her, only to receive a finger pointed at me.

“Do not call me that!”

She pulled one of the many layers of her uniform over herself to cover the lack of clothing in her genital area, sighing thereafter.

“*Ke’rece...* This happens when I get angry.”

She folded her arms.

“So I would appreciate it if you didn’t instigate me.”

Master joined us.

“Thank you for the demonstration, but we really should be going.”

I was about to leave, but took one more look back, only to see something gruesome. All whom had not run away during the earlier altercation, had been assaulted by the spores released by Sporeclit’s pollinating genitalia. Like little insects, they had torn into their skin, gnawing at their flesh. They must have excreted some sort of venom, as everyone was bleeding from their eyes and mouths, with their bodies looking like they were melting away.

“*Kharay*. Thankfully they were only the Magistrate’s assistants,” said Sporeclit calmly, sighing as she poked at one of their corpses. This must’ve happened more than once for her to be so nonchalant about it.

“*Rete... pyr...*” moaned one of the still living victims. Rotcunt had kneeled next to him, trying to use healing magic.

“What is this...”

She looked at her hands, as if to make sure they could still cast.

“It’s not doing anything...”

“You cannot stop it. They are being eaten,” said Master, walking past her, “Come, we are leaving.”

Only much later did I realise that the building would obviously have been lined with state of the art magic disrupting wards. For Master to have used magic within its walls, he would’ve had to have been actively counteracting their scattering effects. Surely not...

Outside the massive building, Master faced all four of us.

“Now, we really must make haste, there is only so much time”

He had not been looking well for a while. Though, to be fair, he looked so different that I wasn’t entirely sure what constituted ‘well’ for him, but now, he was quite literally falling apart. I looked at our bizarre pointy-eared group. Rotcunt was looking uneasy, maybe from the heat, maybe from the culture shock, maybe from seeing so many people die lately. Louseballs was still grinning, careless as ever, while the latest addition of Sporeclit didn’t look too happy to be here, having folded her arms and scrunched her face. Master conjured a very large barge of his

finest shit. He had clearly taken some inspiration from my rock hard slab, as it was now a proper plate, instead of the usual sloppy mess. I would only add seats.

“Seriously?” groaned Sporeclit, holding her nose.

“It may take some getting used to, but it’s quite convenient!” I said, with Louseballs slamming a hand on my shoulder.

“What do you mean? It’s brilliant!”

He extended his arm, and diarrhoea shot out of it. Sporeclit was too shocked to say anything.

“Wow!” I yelled.

“Very good work, Louseballs,” Master congratulated him, “Everyone, get on, please.”

Louseballs smiled aloud as we got on the raft, some more reluctantly than others.

“I learned from the best!”

Upon our stinky ship, Master posed a peculiar question.

“Have you ever looked up to the sky?” he asked, receiving perplexed looks both towards him and the clouds above.

“Blisterdick, which way do the clouds move in Linden?”

Now that I would know, I laid outside for six years.

“To the... Loon. They always go Loonward.”

“Rotcunt?”

No longer cared to be fazed by her title, she answered without hesitation.

“Towards the mountains.”

“Louseballs?”

“Up.”

“Sporeclit?”

“Stop calling me that. *Myc’dema*. There are no clouds in the desert, but the wind always blows North. That is why we build high walls on the Southern sides of the cities, to protect them from the *hemy’hie* — the sandstorms.”

“Indeed. Clouds always move the same way. Wind always blows the same way. Towards the centre of the continents. To Gonorgia. All know this, but have you ever wondered why?”

Chin-scratching ensued, but no answers.

“It is a specific spot in Gonorgia. Exactly at the top of the Great Mountain of Alco. On the Gods’ doorstep.”

I had heard of the mountain, but nothing about all wind blowing there.

“That is the origin of Groina’s magic. It is all part of a cycle. That is where we are going.”

Following the clouds, we flew back to Gonorgia. Sporeclit was still too grumpy to express any excitement over soaring above the lands, but I was sure she too was fascinated. In the distance, rose Gonorgia’s mighty mountain, Alco, its peak reaching to the heavens above. The terrain around it was mostly far too rocky to live in, and the closest settlement was many miles away, the town of Godstrail. That would not be our destination, however, as Master flew us up onto the side of the mountain, where a hidden cavern lay. Upon landing on its overhang, Master collapsed to his knees on the raft.

“Blisterdick, if you would.”

He held out his hand to me, and I helped him up, and into the cavern. Rotcunt illuminated the dank cave for us, where we could see a large empty clearing, a room, if you will. Master reached out his free hand, and the ground shifted, forming a large slab of rock, with four smaller flat stones beside it. I helped him lie down on the hard bed.

“Let me recount a tale while I prepare my spell. It will explain everything,” he said. We took a seat.

“All was set in motion twenty-one years ago...”

Chapter 5

Of elves and man

Like many a tale, this one started over a mug of ale. Two men were drowning their sorrows at the Shaladrè's Inn tavern, in the town of Munanyatce in Southern Gonorgia. Their latest business venture had failed, and they now had nothing to their names but endless debt. In their hearts, they both knew it; they were as good as dead. They might as well give up now. However, with nothing to lose, they might as well go out with a bang. Or, should we say, *banging*.

To the East of Groina, across the snow covered mountain range, lies the land of Festera. The domain of the elves. It's common knowledge that one does not simply walk to Festera. The mountains alone are extremely perilous, from monsters to absurd weather and rampant magical effects, and all of Festera itself is a mystery. Some have ventured there, but none have ever returned. Why not, is uncertain. Alas, be it because of the elves or magical beasts, it is safe to say no one would go to Festera anymore.

...Apart from two men who had nothing to lose, and both curious minds and obscene sexual urges to satisfy.

Packing what little they had, they left their home, discarding all they knew, and headed towards this unknown land. The first stop on their long trek wouldn't be far. On the ridges of the mountains dividing the continents, grows the magical plant known as the Mountain Star, the primary ingredient in health potions. To ease the harvest of this precious plant by even the tiniest bit, a staircase was both carved into and built on the treacherous cliffs in Gonorgia, not far from where the men were.

A town had formed around its base, and harvesting the flowers whenever they bloomed became a much sought after way to earn some pocket money for the young ones. Youth mortality rate increased by a thousandfold in the process, but the town, now known as Kidsdiestedt, enjoyed steady exports, and everyone lived in relative peace. It was here in this town that the two men 'procured' whatever supplies they could, and began their climb up the mountains.

While a great head start, the stairs only went so far. No one deemed it worth it to keep building past where most of the Mountain Stars bloomed, and no one would likely even be willing to work in this area's constant rain of either urine or acid, alternating daily. Of course, this very day must have been a special occasion, as it was raining liquid dog shit when they climbed the rocky cliffs. However, due to their earlier 'procurement', they could no longer turn back. Their path led only up.

The first patch of the climb was surprisingly alright. Yes, it was raining everything from faeces to sawdust, but the terrain was traversable. The men weren't exactly seasoned mountaineers, but they were in good shape from a life of hard work, so the climbing part was going smoothly. Of course, when it came to safety and standard practices, they were very much improvising. Then, yet again, this wasn't a normal mountain, so standard practices may not apply. Many hours had passed, and Kidsdiestedt, with its staircase, were already far below, as the men came to a small outcrop, a sizeable ledge to rest on. But it wasn't just that. There was also a cave entrance hiding above it. The men knew that caverns up this high were generally eroded by flowing water, and would thus lead up. With the cliff face from there on also becoming much steeper and harder to climb, they decided to try their luck and travel through the cave.

It was dark, uncomfortably moist, and jagged rocks lined its walls. Their steps and shuffling echoed throughout its depths. At times, they could swear they had stepped on something sticky. Overall, not a great experience. The squirming paths diverged into smaller holes and crevices, littered across the rocky walls, but only the main path was high enough to fit a human. In the distance, beyond many a bend, the men could hear something. A reverberating sound. Dripping water. They were right, these caves had been formed by erosion. Marching forwards, a bit further, they could see a faint blue glow light up the surroundings.

The men hurried along, hoping it was what they thought, and indeed, at the end of the snaking tunnel lay a small body of water, in a wide open space. A gentle stream was dripping into it from another man-sized cavern. The glow they had spotted earlier was of the many luminous rocks and plants lighting up the area in various colours, all mingling into a magical blue. Filling their flasks of clear mountain water, they headed for the opening, where the water slowly trickled down, but right as they sought to leave, a wet schlop sounded from behind. The men immediately turned about. Giant spiders. Of course there would be giant spiders. Immediately, the men jumped back against a wall, and went to draw their swords. Reaching down to their waists, however, they noticed something missing. Their swords were still wrapped in their bedrolls, safely fastened to their backpacks. All they had on hand were the small daggers they were using as climbing aids. Left to draw those useless letter openers instead, they readied themselves for a fight. The spiders hissed and snapped their wet pincer-like jaws. Scanning the room, the men could count four of them, all at least up to their knees in height, and slowly approaching their corner of the cave. The tiny blades the men wielded would not pierce the monsters' thick skins, nor did they want to get close enough to their horrid, hairy, eight legged bodies to even hit them. As they were dreading their fate, the frontmost spider flung its ugly front legs up, seemingly ready to attack. That was it. One of the men lost his composure. He dropped his dagger, screamed in fear, and booked it for the cave entrance they had intended to take. Not wanting to be left alone to face an arachnid death, the other man swiftly grabbed him by his trousers. Cheap as they were, and torn already from the hike up, they ripped from their seams. His undergarments, weighed down by the shit he had laid, dropped to his ankles, exposing his manhood. The spiders stopped. They backed away. Confused, the other man looked at the now frightened beasts, then at his friend's genitals. He too undid his pants and slowly pulled them down to reveal himself. The spiders jumped. Shrieking in fear, they hastily stumbled backwards, trampling and tripping on each other's legs. They were horrified beyond belief, retreating into their holes, never to be seen again. The men were left shocked. That's when they recalled a tale.

Blimothy Gremos. A man of myth, a legend. A man so twisted, he had, as the story goes, forced himself upon every magical beast he could, garnering many both a title and disease. Beastman. The Bull. *Spider Fucker*. Indeed, while it was said to be a dragon that he had ultimately met his end with, his most recounted deed, passed in the midnight bar talks of the lands, was more harrowing. That is for another legend, telling of a creature of nightmares, a walking embodiment of evil, was what shook the hearts of men all over. An evil walking on eight legs, in her case. The Queen of Spiders, Ghahek Shán. The mother of all arachnid beasts, using her horrid minions to trap poor adventurers to feed her daemonspawn. Vaginas eightfold, to match its eyes, all of varying tightness and texture. A man like Blimothy would never pass that by. Would you? Thus, he searched. Every cave and cove did he check, bringing dread to beasts of land, sea and air alike in his wake. Even mermaids and sirens, that took pleasure in naught but tormenting men, were brought to their tails and knees before his might. To the horror of Ghahek Shán, Blimothy did indeed find her, and in her webbed halls, violated her. So grievously had he mortified her, that no spider, size aside, could ever bear the sight of a bare man no more. In most tales, a beast defiled and abased so, would seek but vengeance, endlessly scouring the lands to sate its rage, but after what he had done, she knew only fear and sorrow. So goes it that has she not taken her own life, she still quietly weeps in some wretched cave in the most lonesome corner of the world. Of course, both Old Blimmy and the Queen of Spiders were regarded as mere myths, but that day, it was proven otherwise. Our heroes, on their dreadful journey to Festera, were saved because some old pervert from hundreds of years ago wanted to fuck a spider, and for that, they were very grateful. 'Thank you, Old Blimmy!' they would cheer, 'Keep on fucking, my good sir!'

An emotionally wounded, but relieved man, in a once spider-infested cave on the side of a mountain range, put on his spare trousers, and both him and his companion unrolled their swords from their luggage, strapping them to their belts, just in case. These were the two men braving the great mountains to find some elven love. The cave system had indeed led out, after a long stroll in more of its rocky depths, and the men had arrived back outside onto what almost looked like a path. Monster-made or natural, it sure did resemble a clear trail up the mountainside. Hesitantly, the men took a step onto what you could only call suspiciously convenient. Immediately, the ground shifted. The path split into even pieces, perfect

cubes, that detached from the mountainside, floating in the air. This was some old, curious magic. The men nodded to each other, opting to climb up the old fashioned way instead, and turned around. The crevice they had followed there had closed up. No sign of the cave exit they had just emerged from. The entire mountainside had shifted to close them in, leaving only one way out. Turning back towards the path, they found the cubes it had split into earlier, to have formed what seemed like either a penis, or a raised middle finger, in the sky. While they found this bizarre piece of art quite humorous, they had no time for such things. As nothing made sense up here, one of the men decided to try something. He stepped forth, pointed at a cube in the air, then pointed down before him. To both of their surprise, the cube obeyed, floating down for him. The man looked back at his companion, shrugged, and stepped on the cube. It didn't give way, and kept steadily floating where he'd commanded it; where the path had once laid. He pointed at another cube, then down, next to the cube he stood upon. To his disappointment, that cube didn't want to follow. Six cubes, including that one, lined up in a row in the air, not too far from him. In a turn that no one expected, the cubes took on the colours of the rainbow; red, orange, yellow, green, blue and magenta, from left to right. Each of them lit up, one by one, with a plangent magical sound. And they weren't done. The cubes suddenly spun around, returning to their old rocky look. They all returned whence they came, reforming the path up, but of course, life couldn't be that easy. Once they had taken their places, they turned invisible. Or that's what the men thought, but the one standing on the first, so far unmoving cube, tapping his foot where one of the cubular stones had sat, felt nothing there. They had vanished. But not for long. The farthest cube, resting against the cliff where the path returned to solid ground, reappeared. Then the next, with the previous one soon disappearing again. These cubes were just playing games with our adventuring duo. Each appearing briefly, then making way for the next, occasionally changing colour and making sounds.

'What rubbish!' one of the men exclaimed, stomping the ground in anger. The stones stopped. All of them along the imaginary path reappeared at once, and floated along to join the others still in the sky. Together, they formed a sad looking face; two eyes and a frowning mouth.

'Man, why you gotta be like that?' spoke said floating face in a booming voice, befitting of a rock. The men were too baffled to reply, or react in any way, really.

'Fucking cunts.'

The mountainside stretched out where the path should lie, reforming it out of solid stone, no floating cubes to be seen.

'Cocksuckers.'

Our heroes, paying no mind to the quite frankly rude rocks, crossed the newly created route across the chasm.

'Minge-cock-ball-twat-ass fucking shitstains.'

Long did the rocky face spit out its obscenities after the men had passed.

Back on track, the men sought the least awful looking way onward, and set out. Even up this high, the air had already grown considerably thinner, and patches of snow had started covering the rocks. Though any adventurer would know — some of it may not be snow at all. Indeed, this was yet another barrier guarding these nigh impassable heights. Beyond this point, it was Jeral territory. Jerals, snow white fur covered beasts, originally from Northern Syphilia, thought to have descended from orcs, had made this their home, and worse, hunting ground. To the horror of any whom know, they do not hunt to eat. Nay, Jerals hunt to reproduce, and by their bizarre magical nature, they can breed with anything, male or female, making them bear their wicked offspring. There has been exactly one recorded case of a human male pregnant with the seed of a Jeral. Thirty days after conception, he gave birth to eight hairless cubs, urethrally, rectally and orally, all at once. Needless to say, he did not survive. The vile creatures he had birthed, however did, erect from the moment they opened their lust-filled eyes, soon to continue their wretched lineage. The numbers of Jerals are currently unknown, with random sightings all along the mountain range from Syphilia to Arsend, but it's estimated that they amount to thousands. A Jeral's penis can rival that of an ox's, though often far thicker, secreting a liquid that can melt through bedrock. Born in the snow, they lie in wait for anything living, ready to tirelessly sow their seed.

All this, our heroes did know. All this, they had heeded and understood. All this, and they were still nearly pounded up the arse with cocks thicker than their thighs, had one of them not known enough magic to cast a basic fireball. Jerals being deathly afraid of heat gave the two men just enough time to escape with their rectums intact. Right into their next obstacle. A perfectly vertical cliff face. Endless razor sharp protruding rocks. Poisonous vines all upon its length. This was what stood before them. The cliffs aptly named the Heights of Folly. Not even the greatest

mountain climber to ever have lived, Rockman Thundercock, had dared to scale these ridiculous walls of death. That's not to say they've never been conquered, but no one in their right mind would try climbing them here where they stood the tallest, and in the middle of Jeral territory. The two men, with no hope of climbing it either, had to find another way before nightfall, for in the dark, these parts were truly impassable.

With limited fire magic serving as the only barrier between their assholes and certain destruction, they quickly travelled along the foot of the vertical cliffside, looking for an easier, or at least an even remotely possible, way up, while shooing away the Jerals. The cliffs, of course, seemed to stretch on forever in both directions. Though visibility was poor in the snowier parts of the mountains, the men could see something in the distance. A waterfall. Now, everyone knows the legend, there's always treasure behind a waterfall. Banking on this, they forced their aching bodies on, toward what would hopefully be their saving grace, as the day started to fade. The horrid stench of the noxious Jeral precum in the air grew more and more unbearable, as the beasts' lust kept rising. This, and the dropping temperature, had the men conjure up the last of their strength to turn their stride into a run. For some reason, it was now raining perfectly equilateral triangular pieces of steel, that, shortly before hitting the ground, started flying horizontally into random directions, cutting into their shins and calves. This slowed them down not, as the howls of monsters far worse than Jerals echoed in the ever darkening mountains.

Now, would you believe me, if I told you there was a cavern behind the waterfall? Or that the men made it there in time? Or that it was no longer raining deadly shrapnel? Well, you'd better, because that's exactly what happened. At least the first two. It was still raining bits of steel, though they had turned quadrilateral, and were now on fire, which actually drove away the Jerals. Still, against all odds, there was indeed a cavern hiding behind the waterfall. No treasure chest, but no monsters either. The men had survived their first gruelling day of the climb of doom. This must be the power of love. For elves. Not that anyone really knew what they were or even looked like, apart from the fact that they had long, pointy ears, but that was enough. In the relative safety of this natural hideaway, our heroes could finally have a moment of rest. Venturing out in the dark would be suicide, so they made a fire and slept through the night, dreaming of cold beer on a hot day.

The second day dawned. While already further than most would ever consider possible, the perfectly vertical cliff ahead of our heroes still impeded their advance. Worse yet, they were almost certain this wouldn't even be the toughest obstacle in their path. A sane man might give up, or would've long ago, but not them. Thinking solely with their dicks, thinking solely of those pointy ears, minds so deep in the elven gutters, that nothing could stop them now. Standing before the straight wall, taking in deep breaths, the men spat in their hands, slammed them together, and swore to conquer this mountain. With a mighty battle cry, something along the lines of '*SEX! SEX! SEX!*', they took a running start and hopped onto the cliffside. Immediately, the jagged rocks pierced their hands, yet the senselessly horny adventurers did not fall. Clawing, kicking, clambering up the cliff, they ascended. '*SEX! SEX! SEX!*' Bleeding, torn, clothes in tatters, they forced their way up. '*SEX! SEX! SEX!*'. Never did the cries stop. Foaming at the mouth, they drove themselves up. Forget the insane weather and monsters of the mountain, this was the new most absurd thing ever seen here. Two men, stripped naked, bleeding all over, running up a vertical cliffside like it was flat ground, screaming '*SEX! SEX! SEX!*'. Nothing could, and nothing did stop them. There would typically be carnivorous avian creatures here, ready to snatch up anything that made it up past the poisonous vines, but not this time. All other life had vacated, sensing the immense power emanating from these lust-filled icons of raw sexual energy. Dreadful cries echoed throughout the mountains. '*SEX! SEX! SEX!*', the cries of the heroes, who climbed the unclimbable, bested the unbeatable, did the impossible. They were the new alpha, the new apex. And they were torn to fucking shreds. Even if they made it up, they were practically dead.

The mountain troll with three riddles for all whom would encroach upon its domain, had taken its own life out of fear. The bone-death-lightning dragon, eight millennia old, had died mid-flight, perishing in the face of god, now foreverially suspended in the air. The Jeral warchief's three testicles shrunk to the size of microscopic grains of sand. Two human males, covered in blood, colourless in their eyes, crossed the threshold above the Heights of Folly. Crawling with broken fingers, they dragged their shattered bodies up to the final overhang, leaving behind a trail of blood and drool. They had made it. Through the power of sheer lust, they had crossed this obstacle. Here, one would heave a sigh of relief, but not these two. They had long since passed out, bodies acting on impulse

to make the last stretch. Now, there they lied, untouched by any beast, no matter how hungry. Still, though unconscious, chanting, perhaps more fittingly, mumbling, their war cry. Nothing would come near them. No one would dare.

A bat flew out of Rotcunt's mysteriously exposed, slimy, festering, maggot-ridden, pus-oozing, waste-lined, ghastly monstrosity of a vagina, briefly interrupting the fascinating story time. The narration soon resumed.

As if a checkpoint, what lay beyond the impassable cliffs, was a healing spring. An ancient hotspot of magic that would mend any wound. And that it did. The men were miraculously brought back up to climbing condition in only a few hours. Never again would they speak of what had happened. Let it remain a secret in the care of the mountain winds. Confused by the floating, still, dead dragon, the men continued their climb with newfound strength. The next area of the mountains was surprisingly tolerable, and surprisingly quiet. That would all be out of fear. Nature itself grew aghast of what had emerged here. Completely unbeknownst to our adventuring duo, they had attained divine protection, an aura of fear. That would keep any monster at bay, but would not save them from what was to come.

From here on out, nothing was mapped out, named, or concrete knowledge. This was land unexplored, for the likely reason that it was unexplorable. No one could have warned the men of the next obstacle. A glacier, upon which the Tow of Stroem, the force keeping life tied to this land, grew tenfold. The moment one of the men stepped onto it, his face was slammed to the icy surface with a force that nearly shattered his jaw. And it's not just the multiplication of your body weight that's the problem here, either. Lay flat on it, and the weight will crush your lungs. Stand upright, and blood will pool in your feet, if your joints don't give away first. Quite clearly, there was no passing this, not for an ordinary man. They may have just scaled a vertical cliff of rock and thorns, but the hour of miracles had passed. Stumped, the men looked up. The glacier seemed to stretch on into the clouds, with no obvious paths or outcrops. It was just a smooth surface of ice. Not unclimbable with the proper tools under normal conditions, but it was far from those. They sat down to eat and think. They were too far to give up, but now, they seemed to be out of options.

Time passed, but no progress was made. They couldn't think of any way forward. Cursing it all, one of the men threw his spoon against the wretched mountain of ice. With great speed did it fly towards the glacial rise, but... it didn't fall. The spoon was suspended in the air. Right where the Tow had earlier been such a crushing weight. The men bounced on their feet, mouths agape. No logic or reason ruled these mountains, that had become clear. Quickly, they looked for more things to throw. Mugs, knives, clumps of ice, they all lost their weight upon crossing the threshold into the glacier. Nodding to each other, they carefully took a step into it themselves. Weightlessness. No broken jaws, no overwhelming crushing power, no, the Tow had ceased entirely. What caused it, they wondered, but not for long. Thoughts and logic could wait, they realised the time to cross was now, before anything changed again. Jumping onto the glacier, they grabbed all they had previously tossed at it from the air, and began making their way up. Running was impossible, as they immediately lost their balance due to nothing holding them down, so all they could do was carefully kick at the icy ground, trying to lie as low as they could. It wasn't easy, but it was doable. Certainly nothing compared to trying to move your body at ten times its weight. Skipping across the steep, uneven, slippery surface, they steadily made their way up the mountain once more. Whatever lay ahead was obscured by the clouds, but they both knew by now, that hoping it wasn't anything bad, was pretty pointless. Of course, even those thoughts were cut short when the men suddenly felt something. Weight. The Tow of Stroem was returning. Slowly at first, still nowhere near its usual pull, but the men had to hurry. What little weight this change gave them, actually helped them climb, as their boots would grip again. Scrambling, scuttling and squirming they made it to the edge of the clouds. Beyond that misty veil would be what all but few would ever see. The men had no time to consider the weight of the moment, as it was the rising weight of their bodies that took precedence. They could stop and ponder whether or not there was a pattern, or any logic, behind the changes in the strength of the Tow later, right now they had to run, with all they had, into the clouds.

Two heads burst through a sea of white at the top of the mountain. Indeed, the summit of this wretched mountain range was hiding just out of sight, right past the clouds that forever blocked the view from below. And it was not what these two, or anyone really, would have expected. The summit was a massive, empty, flat plateau. There were pools of clear water and some rocks, but not much else. Especially no elves, though they hardly expected them to come up here anyway. The men sat down for a well earned rest. That's when they saw something in the distance. A quaint mist had formed over the plateau, and from it, shapes began to emerge. Trees, bushes, a forest of white vapour. In the midst of it all, rose an arch, a gateway, under which the men could see something standing. An ephemeral figure. A tall, human-like shape, appearing to be moving towards them. The men sprung to their feet, reaching for their blades. The mysterious humanoid figure kept gliding through the mist, as if it was carrying it along. It drew ever closer, and the men grew anxious. But... When its shape became clearer, all their worries were washed away. They fell to their knees from relief. Standing before them, was a tall, slender person, with long flowing hair, an enormous penis... and long, pointy ears. It was an elf. An elven man. The two adventurers bowed down from their kneeling pose, before carefully raising their heads to take a better look at him. He did not speak, he did not move. His eyes were a deep void of black, reflecting back the men's image. His cock was hanging down to his knees. His silky white hair flowed in the air though no wind did blow. And even while our heroes were firmly into women, his divine appearance made them question their hearts, giving them a throbbing erection. Of course, come elven women, an erection won't be all they have. Nevertheless, they were now faced with the first elf any human had probably seen in hundreds of years, and all he did was stand there in silence. An endless silence, had one of the men not cut it by opening his mouth to say something. Before he could, however, the elven man vanished, appearing in an instant a hand's width from his face. Staring deeply into each other's eyes, the men felt something within him. Not speech, not words, not exactly a thought either. It was a sense of intent.

'And what could thine breed seek in our realm?' he felt within him. A sensation most unsettling, making his hair stand up and testicles shrink.

'In what thee hast dubbed', echoed in the minds of both of the men, *'Festera.'*

The scenery around them changed into a lush field of endless green, where countless towers of cream-coloured stone, with immensely intricate carvings, lined the hillsides. Thorny vines adorned with bright turquoise roses climbed along every surface. It was like nothing they had ever seen before, both the scenery and the instant relocation. This was obviously not a vision or a dream, they had been transported to another location. It was a beautiful sight, but the air felt... heavier. Like it was pushing them down, squeezing their bodies. Hearing a rustle from behind, they both turned around. A massive structure rose before their eyes, a great wall of marble-like stone. And indeed, the slightest rustle caught their attention, as they only then realised the absolute silence that surrounded them. No birds singing, no wind howling, there was nothing at all, and the elven man from earlier, shifting his feet behind them, was what broke this silence. In this enormous towering wall, lay an alcove, in which more elves were seated on thrones of stone. The men bowed respectfully, but there was no response. They all, eight in total, with one seat free, sat still, gazing into nothingness. The men extended a greeting once more, again to no avail. None of them moved, apart from the one who must have had brought them here. Still not speaking, but somehow conveying his thoughts to them, he shared another insight.

'This land is not for humans to dwell. Not that thee aren't welcome, but the flow of magic here is beyond what thy bodies can withstand. I suggest thee state thine business, and leave swiftly.'

Leaning in closer, he presented the men with the same question again.

'So, what hast brought thee here?'

The men were true to their hearts. Not ashamed in the slightest. They would've shouted out with great pride their purpose here, but did not need to. The elven man had seen it in their minds already.

'I understand.'

He moved to the one empty seat in the alcove. Not by walking, but gliding like a statue upon the floor. Taking a seat, not by turning, bending his legs, and sitting normally, but rather appearing instantaneously in a sitting position upon it, he joined the others in staring blankly into the horizon, never to speak again. Our heroes, in great confusion, turned about, and found the green fields now populated with many an elf. They were all more beautiful than man could ever even imagine. Black eyes, gleaming like gemstones in the bright sunlight, or whatever lit these lands, hair sparkling like waves crashing against barnacled cliffs. They, too, all stood still like statues, seemingly staring at the men, but also vacantly into

nothing at the same time. Except for two. In the bushes, a bit further from the motionless crowd, stood, or hunched as though hiding, two elven girls. They seemed to be curiously eyeing our human adventurers, who immediately took notice. Giving each other a mischievous look of mutual understanding, our lusty heroes walked over to the elven girls, whom jumped a bit from surprise.

As the men got a closer look at the girls, their hearts and cocks throbbed. They were beautiful. Absolutely stunning, drop-dead gorgeous, perfect in every way. On the left, an elf girl with long black hair. Height, five steps and four inches. Chest circumference, thirty-five inches. Waist, twenty-three inches. Hips, thirty-three inches. Feet, size seven and a half. On the right, an elven beauty with short ocre-coloured hair. Height, five steps and nine inches. Chest, forty inches. Waist, twenty-four inches. Hips, thirty-five inches. Feet, size eight. Indeed, one of the men had astonishing guesstimation skills; one of the reasons their previous businesses had lasted as long as they did. The other man; the greatest pick-up artist in Groina, at least according to himself. He soon seduced the elves with his honeyed words, something along the lines of 'would you know where I could find a farm to sow my seeds, if you know what I mean.' For some reason, it didn't work. The girls just looked at them funny. Something was wrong.

Did it ever occur to them that elves might not speak the same language? Or if they spoke at all? That weird bloke they first met could somehow communicate with them, albeit in a strange way, but what if he was the only one? No matter, a mere language barrier could not stop them now. The men decided to try a more universal language. They took a few steps back from the girls. Standing straight, side by side, with their feet slightly apart, the men, in perfect sync, threw their hands to their left side, fists clenched tight, and raised up their right knees. 'DIS!' they yelled, surprising the elves a bit. Then, quickly pulling their elbows down, stomping their feet back on the ground, and shifting their arms to form an X-shape over their chests, 'ROBE!' Their clothes exploded into dust. This was the real reason they had packed a change. The two girls appeared shaken at first, but then began to giggle, although silently, before disappearing, and instantly reappearing, right in the men's faces. They took their hands, and all four were immediately transported elsewhere.

They had back-, cock- and ball breaking sex for five days straight. If not for elven magic, they would have been dead in seconds. Elf pussy just hits different. And elf anus. And the holes they can form in their armpits, knee pits, navel... Elven magic is near limitless, far from anything humans could ever dream of. In essence, they may will into existence anything they can imagine. I truly have no words to describe some of the shit these guys tried, but highlights of their nights together include roleplay, ageplay, sizeplay, raceplay, pet play, costume play, time play, hot play, Coldplay, rope bondage, spanking, fisting, face sitting, watersports, scat, body transformation, whipping (consensual), beating, sounding, whipping (nonconsensual), inflation, deflation, ball expansion, ass expansion, invisibility, hand holding, gentle kissing, headpats, leash hanging, asphyxiation, egg laying, beer enemas, frottage, anal vore, cock growth double anal penetration, hairjobs, vomiting, soapland, sensory synchronisation, pegging, feet, prostate prolapse, mummification, CBT, BBC, soul fragmentation, etc. It's truly a miracle they survived. But they did, and thoroughly impressed their elven mistresses, to the point where, once the crushing magical power of Festera began taking a toll on their bodies, a toll worse than what they did in bed, the elven ladies transported the ravished men out of their home, and back up the mountains. Furthermore, peering from the men's minds the concept of human pregnancy and bearing children, the elves decided to consummate their interspecies love, and did just that, got pregnant. As nigh immortal beings, elves had long since forgone any forms of reproduction, and these newly conceived half-breeds would be the first of their waning kind to be born in years better left uncounted.

The elves had also seen in their minds the customs of their homelands. For one, twin children were considered the culmination of love. For the other, twins were seen as good luck, for that would double your chances of a worthy offspring. Therefore, they both bore twins, a boy and a girl each. As they made their way down the mountains, further and further from Festera, aided by elven magic, their brides grew weaker by the moment. The men did not know, and couldn't have known, that elves live solely off of magic, and this side of the mountains simply did not have enough to sustain them. Elf and man, by nature, were not meant to be together. Seeking lodging, they hurried to the town of Godstrail. The elven girls were shrivelling up before their eyes, though still beautiful, despite looking more and more like dried tomanigies by the minute. In fact, one of the

men developed a new fetish for sagging skin and stretch marks. They had of course tried magically induced erotic dehydration, but he found the real thing far better.

Upon reaching Godstrail, the men took the poorly, dried-up husks of their beloved pointy-eared lovers to an inn, and stole some health potions for them. Being essentially condensed magic, the potions undid their decay enough for them to give birth to their half-breed offspring. And that they did. As the sun set upon Gonorgia, crying, cheering, sloshing and moaning could be heard from a dinky old room in a godsforsaken shithole of an inn. There, next to drunkards and a dead pig, two elves gave birth to four children of a new hybrid species.

Now, one of the men was a hardcore sadomasochist. While these elves were technically only imitating giving birth, he had wished for his bride to have unbearable labour pains. He would ease her suffering, and increase his own, by lowering himself upon her face, for her to bite down on his testicles while choking him. She saw within him his deepest, darkest desires, and out of love and curiosity, realised all she could. Hence, her vagina and rectum tore apart, and one of the twins was violently birthed out of her asshole. She did of course also see his wish for childbirth to leave his bride comatose, so he could have her legally taxidermied under Carigrandine law, but could not quite comprehend what it meant, and opted to omit him this pleasure. Even without that little finale, they were happy, screaming from pain.

The other man had a birthing fetish. He had often been commissioning paintings of women and animals giving birth, and was heartbroken when they were all levied for his endless debt. As such, even though his beloved elven bride was on her deathbed, he could not have been happier. Or more erect. Blood splattered on his face. Piss sprayed throughout the room. Wholesome hand holding and displays of boundless love brought the bystanders to tears. They were truly happy, our human male and his elven bride. He got to witness the miracle of childbirth from an arm's length, and ejaculated onto her one last time.

Soon after, the elven girls inevitably passed away from the lack of magic. Their bodies vanished in a flood of light, leaving behind nothing but two men in shambles, heartbroken, widowed, blueballed, and with two children each, no hope of taking care of them. They had no choice but to hire hookers to breastfeed them, both the children and the men, and seek the grace of adoptive families. Thankfully, both knew some prospective parents from their earlier business relations, and set off with the hired milk in tow. One hopped carts to Erburgham, where his old boss would hopefully take his two children in his care. That he thankfully did, and to pile on to the already endless gratitude of the poor man, he took the hooker as his wife, saving the sod of the immense debt he would've faced. The man, saddened but relieved that his children had a home, wandered off into the North, to Syphilia, never to be heard of again. His boss, however, due to declining business, saw it impossible to raise two children, and sent the other one off with a relative of a friend's relative's friend to Linden, where he would still have a home.

The other man returned to his homeland of Carigrandi, but his journey was not without trouble. Somewhere along the border, one of his children fell off the carriage they were riding. No one noticed at the time, and the baby rolled down a cliff into a dense woodland, where he would eventually be found by a group of bandits, surprised that a child could have survived here. The man did make it to Carigrandi, and near Munacoiso, finally noticed the missing child. As he was frantically searching for him, disaster struck. You see, somewhere in the distance, a group of new Order of Cari recruits were practising archery. Their captain and instructor was proudly demonstrating how his arrows always fly true. And that they did. As he let loose his arrow, it flew with such speed, that it simply vanished from the recruits' eyes. It soared perfectly straight for fifty miles in the least, before reaching our poor adventurer, whom was carrying his daughter while searching for his missing son. The arrow, never stopping, miraculously flew right into them, and caught the edge of the tablecloth the child was wrapped in, but that hindered it not. With the baby now strapped to the arrow, it flew for another hundred miles, across the border into Arsend, and right into the wall of the *Ma'tyga Pese*. The poor man had no time to react to this invisible kidnapper, moving faster than sound, and it took him a moment to even realise what had happened. Once he did, it was all over. He couldn't take it anymore. He had lost his wife, lost his children, and now, he lost his mind. He strangled to death the

hooker he had been travelling with for the last Moon, and ran thirty miles to the seashore without stopping, not once, and jumped into the roaring waves. He had hoped to die, but such a fate was not for him. Picked up by a Syphilia-bound fishing boat, he was dumped into the cold shacks of Dragonport, and lived there in isolation from then onwards, if you can call it living. Devastated by his dreadful loss so, the miserable failure of a father would never speak again.

Chapter 6

To you, I entrust my legacy

“And the rest, you probably know.”

I, and presumably the others too, were slightly confused. Rotcunt was the first to speak.

“That’s...”

She struggled to find the words, and I wasn’t surprised.

“I didn’t know mother — my adoptive mother — knew my real Father... or that she was a prostitute.”

“Wait, that story was about us?” asked Louseballs in genuine shock.

“Yes,” Master replied, “you are half man, half elf; the first of your kind, to my knowledge.”

I scratched my chin.

“It’s hard to believe, but that would explain a lot.”

“But, how do you know any of this?” asked Sporeclit in disbelief, “Do not tell me you were one of them.”

“I was not present, no. Your real Fathers were in Syphilia at the time of Wartworld, so I have seen their memories.”

“That... makes even less sense.”

What an odd tale, I thought, but if Master says that’s what happened, then it must be true. As we were composing our thoughts, Master coughed up dead insects and some kind of black dust.

“I fear I do not have long left.”

Me and Louseballs got on our knees by his side.

“This body is but a shell, devoured from within, by the raw magical energy it absorbed, after the spell I unleashed. Irony, is it not, destroyed by my own greatest creation. But it matters not, for I have found you, my successors... my disciples.”

Sporeclit slapped her fingers to her temples, cutting short his monologue.

“You dragged me here from work to watch you die?”

Master continued, unbothered.

“There is a place I must go, far from here.... far from *now*. I will bestow my magic upon you four. Once I do, this physical body will cease to be, but my spirit will remain. Within you.”

With pained coughs, he bent up his legs, and his robes slid off. He was wearing nothing underneath. His warted, diseased, crumbling, black-as-night skin was fully revealed, and the two girls behind us covered their eyes in horror. It was right there. The wartcock. For some reason, I had to avert my eyes from its might. They say those who gaze into the abyss go insane. Master reached down into his nether regions, and pulled something out of his ass. A chain of twelve balls, each about an inch wide, held together by a cord. His ass cheeks emptied of shit as the chain, acting as a plug, was removed. Rotcunt and Sporeclit still had their eyes firmly shut and covered, and that may have been for the best. Master left the beads by his side, and coughing again, spun his finger around, creating a cup, or a bowl, of some kind, under his shredded anus. Breathing in deep, a stream of bubbling black liquid poured out of him into the cup. It gleamed in all kinds of colours, as light hit it. Sporeclit, who had uncovered her eyes out of curiosity, turned pale. After the cup was full, Master held it up, and spoke in a calm, sincere tone.

“Here. This is my magic power. Please drink it.”

“WHAT?”

Sporeclit questioned Master’s orders.

“You didn’t just drag me from work to watch you die, you brought me here to drink your *k’nie’ah*?! Your shit?!”

By then, I had already taken the cup, and drank my share.

“It’s pretty good. Very magical.”

Sporeclit’s face went wide from shock. Rotcunt had covered her mouth with both hands. Louseballs, laughing at my side, took the cup from me.

“Bottoms up!”

He had a hearty sip. Cocking his head from side to side, licking his lips, he sampled the taste.

“Not bad.”

“You are insane,” said Sporeclit. Rotcunt hesitantly took the cup from Louseballs.

“If this is the only way...”

“Not you too!” Sporeclit cried, but it was too late. Rotcunt pinched two fingers over the liquid, and by pulling her hand up, formed a straw of ice. From that, she carefully took a sip, looking like she was prepared for the worst.

“It... doesn’t really taste like anything.”

“You must drink it, Sporeclit,” said Master sternly.

She looked at all of us like we were crazy.

“I can also administer it rectally,” Master clarified.

“Fine! *Ke’rece*. Give it to me.”

With a nervous smile, Rotcunt handed Sporeclit the cup, which she took reluctantly, looking the other way. Holding her nose, eyes shut tight, she carefully brought the cup to her mouth, and drank the liquid shit.

“...You were right. There is no taste.”

“Well done,” Master complimented, “Now...”

He coughed, and extended his hand to Louseballs, who grabbed it with both of his, grinning wide as ever.

“I will grant you my power.”

Master’s white eyes took on a mysterious glow.

“Louseballs... absorb the power within my testicles... become... Lousy Wartballs.”

Louseballs — sorry, Lousy Wartballs — stared at him in awe.

“Bro... how do you come up with this shit...”

For the first time I had seen, Master smiled. A quick smirk back at the always giddy Louseballs, who was as equally surprised as me.

“Rotcunt.”

Louseballs got up and lent Rotcunt his place by the stony bed. She took Master’s hand with a saddened expression.

“All I know of disease, I leave in you. Help those in need.”

“Y-yes. Thank you.”

As Master’s knowledge poured into her, Rotcunt’s hands shook, and she quickly pulled them back, staring at them, astounded.

“Sporeclit.”

She made her way to his side, though not overjoyed. Master took her hand, and she shuddered in disgust.

"For you, I will offer the power to steer the will of another."

"What."

"Become the most ruthless, oppressive, tyrannical leader that has ever been. Or do not. It is up to you."

"What?! Are you... What??"

"You will know what to do."

"You are crazy."

She got up and left. It was finally my turn. I kneeled by the bedside, took his hand in mine, and pressed it against my cheek.

"And Blisterdick. I grant you my knowledge of the world, so you may continue my tale."

"Yes, Master."

I felt an immense surge of magic and knowledge. Names, faces, unfathomable things. Overwhelmed, I let go of his hand. Master coughed again, looking even worse.

"There are twelve young people in dire need of your help. They will carry on my legacy. Find them, and give each a piece of this."

Master picked up the chain of twelve balls, and they snapped apart, falling neatly into groups of three on the stony bed.

"B-but... Why not us?" I asked.

"These twelve each embody a part of me. They will all be necessary for preserving my spirit."

He coughed in pain.

"And... while they will become my legacy in the future, you have more to do here and now."

"Yes..."

"These beads will guide you to them. Follow their lead. Once you find them, have them suckle on them, and my magic and spirit will thenceforth rest within their bodies."

Master raised his hand onto his chest, and drew something on it.

"My physical form will soon turn into the final piece. A tablet with my final spell on it. Have the twelve... the *Wartkin*... take it to the far South, to the furthest shore of Arsend. It shall do the rest."

"Wait, wait, wait," Sporeclit objected, "You cannot go to the *Khema'yui*, no man can survive the sandstorm."

"They will," Master reassured. His body shook.

"Once I fade away, you will know what to do."

I hurriedly grabbed his arm. Rotcunt covered her mouth, and Sporeclit sighed, unamused.

“Now.... farewell.”

“Master!” I cried.

“May the warts... be with you...”

With those final words, Master’s body glowed briefly, a vivid green, before shattering into dust. All that was left where he lay, was a tablet of smooth stone, a glowing inscription scrawled upon it; a magical ward. Oddly enough, while all of Master’s knowledge was now within me, and I could read the ward’s layouts like it was Groinan, I did not understand any of it. Its countless layers of intertwined formations, all bridged into one, were far beyond me.

“Master...”

“Rest in peace, Wartman,” said Louseballs in a low, hoarse voice, laying a hand on my head.

“I... kind of miss him,” mumbled Rotcunt, who had joined us.

“I do not,” sounded from behind, as Sporeclit folded her arms. She’ll come to understand, I thought to myself. Sporeclit sighed again, and walked over to us. She extended her right hand over the bed, where Master had laid.

“*Giete riem’khe’yue, pyceric temac’yua.* Our farewells to the dead.”

Louseballs leaned over and whispered in my ear.

“Maybe she’s not all sand after all.”

Laughing to himself, he stretched his back.

“Off I go, then!”

He grabbed his share of the magical beads Master had left us, three of them for each, from the bed, and walked to the entrance of the cave.

“Those kids need me, right?”

Bending down, he spread his arms like wings, and jumped off the cliff. He glid gracefully in the air like a mighty avian, using a positively endless amount of shit, streaming from his hands and feet, for propulsion.

“LOUSY!! WARTBALLS!!” echoed in the skies, followed by bellowing laughter.

Rotcunt held her share of the beads in her hand, pondering something.

“He didn’t give us a time limit or anything? For finding the twelve people?”

“No, but Master said they’re in trouble, so I’m gonna hurry,” I replied.

“And when we find them all... then what? How are we supposed to know when to meet back up?”

“I’m sure Master has thought of something.”
Troubled and perplexed, she placed the beads in her pocket.

“I guess so...”
She hopped on her suitcase, and it took off the ground.

“It was... only two days, but for some reason, I feel like I’ve known him forever, you know?” she said softly. I knew exactly what she meant, and nodded in silence.

“Well... I guess we’ll meet here, then. See you.”
I waved her goodbye. As she floated off, I could tell from her face she still hadn’t really come to terms with it all.

“How am I supposed to get down?” asked Sporeclit, having moved to my side. Without even thinking about it, I stretched out my hand, and a smooth slab of crystallised shit appeared in the air, floating steadily. It now had a proper seat, too.

“This will take you to Godstrail.”
How did I know that?

“Ah. And that was..?”
“The town at the foot of this mountain. You can get a carriage there.”
“Alright...”

Those weren’t my words. That was Master speaking. I was left too stunned to wish her farewell, as Sporeclit got on my raft and floated down the mountain.

I sat on the edge of the outcrop the cave lay on. Master had left me his knowledge and memories, many years, lifetimes, even, worth of them. My head was full of things I couldn’t quite comprehend, so many disjointed scenes playing all at once. I felt alone in this wealth of information. In my head, I lived through a life not of my own. I saw all Master knew, all his most warted deeds, all of his... Wartworld.

What have you done?

To be continued.



A map of Groina.